

# ETNA AND KIRKERSVILLE

BY

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"Great indeed is the charm that  
Yearning memory gives to the form of things."

COLERIDGE



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
The Riverside Press, Cambridge  
1905

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*Published October 1905*

ETNA AND KIRKERSVILLE

Ref 977.154 Sc Office  
Schaff, Morris, 1840-1929.  
Etna and Kirkersville,

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REMARKS AND  
OBSERVATIONS

# A SKETCH OF ETNA AND KIRKERSVILLE LICKING COUNTY OHIO

## CHAPTER I

THERE fell into my hands not long ago Isaac Smucker's "Centennial History of Licking County, Ohio," where, in Etna Township, December 28, 1840, I was born. And notwithstanding that sixty odd years are leaning against each other like turned-over furrows between now and then, and that my life has been spent far away from this scene of my boyhood, yet I read page after page with the greatest pleasure. It was like the murmur of a distant seashore. When I laid it down, the night had worn well along; the wood fire that had burned so briskly was slumbering, and I found myself gazing into its dull, glowing embers and back in old Licking.

The township, as I see it, is through a boy's eyes; for, the last of May, 1858, in my eigh-

teenth year, I left it to go to West Point. And now my only excuses for writing this sketch are, first, to establish the township's historic continuity with the period covered by Smucker, and second, because I wish to do for some future son of Etna what I wish some pioneer had done for my generation, viz., tell us of the town, its schools, its churches, its customs and homes; of his family, where they came from and where they settled, who were their neighbors and with whom they intermarried; the game in the woods, where he fished, and trapped, and hunted; what was forest and how they cleared the fields, — mingling his account of all these features of early life, as Nature mingled her voices around him, with sometimes a note peculiarly his own.

I shall try to cover these points as well as I can in this sketch. And, perhaps, if it should fall into the hands of some Etna or Kirkersville boy when his hair is turning gray, as was the case when Smucker's fell into mine, he will see again, as I see now, the "Pike," the once so famous National Road, see the sheep nibbling across the old town's rolling fields; hear again its meadow larks, its bob whites, and the plaintive cry of the killdeers; see Bloody Run or the Big Poplar and Licking winding through

fields of wheat and clover and corn ; and more distinctly than all, the old dooryard and the swallows twittering around the barn.

A further reason and justification for venturing to give permanence to my boyhood memories of Etna is, my father was one of the founders, one among its first officers, and a justice of the peace twenty-one years, — a position in those days carrying much of the weight and dignity of our judgeship of to-day. Moreover, from his and my mother's lips and the pioneers that gathered around their fire and hospitable board, I heard over and over again the story of Etna's pioneer life ; so that in a measure, some of the historic value of an eye-witness may be found in the current of this sketch. However this may be, I shall strive, as far as lies within me, to have the reader's eye where mine is now, on the scene that presents itself from the bridge of my memory.

## CHAPTER II

THE township of Etna was organized in 1833, and is in the extreme southwestern corner of Licking County, Ohio. It is a true rectangle, two and one-half miles wide and a little over eight miles long, stretching due east and west on both sides of the National Road that runs through the middle of it. It is a part of the Refugee Tract, a grant of 100,000 acres donated by Congress in 1798 to citizens of Canada and Nova Scotia who abandoned their settlements in consequence of having given aid to the colonies in the War of the Revolution, allotting to each "in proportion to the degree of their respective services, sacrifices, and sufferings." The tract is a strip four and a half miles wide and forty-eight miles long; beginning on the Scioto at Columbus, it runs easterly almost to the Muskingum. The runs and brooks of the western half of Etna flow into the Poplar and Big Walnut, that bear away southwesterly to the Scioto; those of the eastern half, to the South Fork of Licking and thence on to the



Muskingum, all finding their way at last into the Ohio.

Etna is a gently rolling and exclusively farming country. The soil is clayey and tenacious, and in some places inclined to be cold, wet, and heavy. Here and there over its surface were scattered granite, quartz, and syenite boulders — the people called them “nigger heads.” Some of them were of great size, and varied in color from dark green to a light pink; doubtless all were carried on the breasts of the moving glaciers from their original beds in the far North. Now after that long journey and probably longer period that followed the melting away of the glacier, before the oaks and the beeches began to grow, after all these vicissitudes, the most of them are bedded in cellar walls of barns and houses. The story of one of them, if they could speak, would be the most interesting of the world’s history. Originally there were springs in almost every field, but, with the disappearance of the woods, very few are left. On a great many of the farms there are still clumps and reaches of aged woods, the dreaming remnant of the majestic primeval forest that once, in open ranks, covered the entire township.

The village itself, which reposes in the middle of the township and from which it gets its name, was laid out by Lyman Turrell, a Vermonter, in 1832, the lots selling at from \$3.00 to \$5.00 apiece. He first called it Carthage, and, subsequently, having learned from some source, probably from one of the young West Point graduates who were laying out the National Road, that the site of his town was the highest point between Jacktown and Columbus, he concluded to call it Etna. In the light of Etna's career it might appear that he made a mistake in changing its name; for, certainly, there has never been even a rumble, social or otherwise, at all volcanic, in its life, to suggest its present name. But there seems to have been a widespread confidence, born possibly of a premonition, — that up to this time has not been realized, — of something deep and startling in the future of Etna Township; for the name of the only other village in it was changed from Cumberland to Wagram, after that great field where Napoleon's guns shattered three kingdoms. When I was a little boy Wagram had one or two small, unpainted houses and a decaying tavern, kept by a man by the name of Armstrong.

The township has never had a newspaper, a college, or a mill or manufactory of any kind — the only machinery it has ever heard is the nervous clatter of mowing-machines in its lush daisy-dotted meadows, reapers and binders in the yellow wheat fields, and later, when summer is taking her last look, and the swallows are about to go, the rumble of dusty threshing-machines — and is, I venture to say, one of the few townships in the Ohio valley untraversed by a railroad. If there be a place in this world that can lay an undisputed claim to being rural if not obscure, I firmly believe it is my native township of Etna. And yet the clouds float over it in beautiful colors, the stars come out joyfully, the dew falls, the corn ripens, and the sun shines sweetly there.

I wish I could locate definitely when and where the first cabin was built in the township, but I have delayed too long. Had I asked the question in my boyhood of some of the pioneers, of Isaac Essex, or some of my relations, the Housers and Nelsons, of Captain Stone or Israel Cleaves of Kirkersville, they could have taken me to the very spot. Now I am afraid it is beyond determination, but if ever it be located

it will be found near where a spring gushed out of a bank or close to some run ; for it was a spring or the clear water of a brook that always settled the question as to where the pioneer should build his cabin.

As throwing some light on the matter it may be said that when the first settlers reached Zanesville, having followed the old Indian trail from the Ohio, or by way of the Muskingum from Marietta, they either bore off towards Lancaster in Fairfield County on Zane's trail that followed the Indian trail to Chillicothe, which in its turn had been a buffalo trail, or they followed up the Licking. Those who took Zane's trail as far as Lancaster struck off northwest into the woods toward the heads of Poplar and Black Walnut creeks, reaching Etna Township by that route ; those who came in by the way of Licking followed the South Fork. Among the latter, David Herron pushed clear up into Lima Township, near the head waters of Licking, as early as 1805, the first settler having arrived in Newark in 1798, only seven years previously. (The cabin Herron built I once visited with his daughter Nancy, a large woman who, while weaving at our house on the cumbersome loom of that day, promised me a pair of

ducks if I would go home with her. Of course I went. The cabin stood in a field surrounded by primeval woods, about north, as I remember it, of the Dellenbaugh farm; and the ducks were in a little run that meandered close by to the west of the cabin.) The Headlys settled farther north a few years later.

The Granville Hills, only eight or ten miles away to the northeast, were settled by a colony of Yankees from the colder and steeper hills of East Granville, on the eastern slope of the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts, as early as 1806. In 1811 Paul and Catherine Hively, parents of my uncle, Sam Hively, who married my father's sister Elizabeth, settled near Baltimore in Fairfield, about as far south of Etna and Kirkersville as Granville is north. Between them was an almost unbroken wilderness, but the DeWeeses, the Channels, the Van Buskirks had already come up into the rich bottoms of the Licking, between Kirkersville and Hebron and Newark. So far as I can learn, these settlements antedated the Houser settlement along the Fairfield line, but by how much it is difficult to ascertain. That some pioneer pursued his way into the wilderness beyond these first settlers on the Licking bottoms it is

reasonable to believe; and that, following the creek or Bloody Run, he located somewhere on their banks, and that his axe was the first to startle the deer and elk in the open oak woods of Etna. For that reason I think the first cabin was built between Bloody Run and the creek, not far from the present village of Kirkersville.

Smucker in his history has a table showing names of townships, when settled, and names of two or more of the first settlers; it gives "J. Williams, J. Crouch, Nelsons and Housers," as the first settlers of Etna Township, and 1815 as the date of their settlement.

I have searched in vain to find out something about "J. Williams" and "J. Crouch," — where they came from and where they settled, but have found nothing, and I am afraid they have drifted off below the horizon of history.

The Nelsons and Housers came in from Virginia, mostly from the Shenandoah country by way of Zane's trail. My aunt Matilda Hartzell married Lafayette Nelson of Ohio County, Virginia. Their only child, my cousin, Sarah Jane Nelson, was a most lovable woman, and inherited the sweetest of Virginia voices. Her eyes were a beautiful, liquid, dark brown, and they

looked at you with the innocence of a pleased child till her last days. She married Absalom Houser, a fine man, over six feet tall, almost as swarthy as an Indian, and a son of one of the original settlers. Their children, one and all, are an honor to them.

The Cleaves, Marshalls, Graybills, Parkinsons, Longbrakes, Heffners, and Greens all came about the same time as the Nelsons and Housers; and in my youth I saw them all. Henry Essex settled in 1816; his house stood less than an eighth of a mile southwest of the United Brethren Church in the village of Etna. I remember going there in my childhood and seeing an aged, strong, broad-faced man with inflamed eyes, leaning on a cane. His wife's face I recall with absolute distinctness; she was a tall woman, with large, conspicuously large, clear, blue eyes, and was the mother of Mrs. Jonathan Graybill and Mrs. William Parkinson. The Essex house fronted east, had a narrow porch, and was surrounded with cherry, plum, and locust trees. Behind it was the usual large hewed-log barn.

Between 1815 and 1825 emigrants poured like a tide into Central Ohio, and by 1830 there were enough settlers in Etna to ask for a local

government of their own. At that time they were a part of Harrison and Lima townships, the former organized in 1817 and the latter in 1827. In 1833, "Agreeable to an order from the Commissioners of Licking County," so runs the first entry in the town records and in a bold hand, "the citizens of Etna Township held an election for Township officers at the house of John Henthorn on the twenty-second day of June A. D. 1833, when O. R. Baldwin, John Nelson, and Benjamin Graybill were elected Trustees for the ensuing year, John Henthorn Township Clerk, N. R. Usher Treasurer, William Smith and John Wells Constables, Richard Lamson, George Wells, William Moon, and Hiram Sincebaugh Supervisors, Thomas M. Donahue and Isaac Essex Overseers of the Poor and Henry Spangler, Jonathan Graybill, and Dennis Smoke Fenceviewers, who were severally sworn previous to entering upon the duties of their respective offices, also gave bonds as prescribed by law."

These, then, may well be called the founders of Etna Township. My father, who was then twenty-six years old, was at this election. Mr. Henthorn kept a tavern in the village of Etna, and it was in his bar-room the pioneers gath-



ered to found the town. Henthorn's tavern, a long two-story house, stood on the north side of the Pike about seventy-five yards west of the main street leading to Pataskala.

Some of those first officers I remember well. Henry Spangler lived just north of the town, and through his farm ran the run called by his name; he was a short, stocky, broad-breasted, and open-faced man and the father of Joseph Spangler, who married Hannah, my father's youngest sister. Jonathan Graybill was our nearest neighbor, — his farm joined ours on the west, and his children were my earliest school and play mates. Dennis Smoke owned the farm next south of ours. Mr. Smoke lived in a log house off in the centre of the fields he had cleared with his own strong arms. In this home he reared a large and well-respected family. Although I used to see him and Mr. Graybill almost every day, yet their faces are too dim to describe. Mr. Graybill had a little wool-carding machine run by a horse treading on a big wheel, and he used to pay his son Henry and me five cents apiece for a peck of honey locust tree spines, that served for pins in bundling his customers' wool after it was carded. As I remember it now, we earned our money,

and in all probability it went for admission to the first circus that happened along. Sincebaugh, Lamson, and Wells were all men of standing, and their names perfectly familiar, and doubtless I saw them many times as a child, but I have no remembrance of how they looked, nor do I know just where they lived, though I am quite sure Mr. Sincebaugh lived near the Fairfield line and Mr. Wells in the eastern part of the township.

On March 3, 1834, the trustees met in the house of John Henthorn and divided the town into five school districts. In April of that year Ambrose Meeker, Benjamin Graybill, and John Clendening were elected trustees, Robert Crum clerk, and Dr. Tracy Scott town treasurer. The latter was our family physician,—a short, jolly man with one leg a bit shorter than the other. John Snyder was elected constable and died some time in 1834—the first public official to die in office—and probably by the cholera, which was then sweeping along the National Road. The following letter appears in the town records, dated May 30, 1834:—

Wm. R. Crum, Sir, if you will furnish suitable book for the purpose of Etna Township

we will satisfy you when the taxes is collected this fall.

Ambrose Meeker } Trustees.  
Benjamin Graybill }

Either the taxes were not paid or Crum failed to put in his bill that fall, for it was not paid until two years afterwards, when this appears: "Ordered that the sum of three dollars and twenty-five cents be allowed to Robert Crum for furnishing books for said Township." The book of town records now before me bears the following trademark, on a red label in the inner side of the back: "Manufactured and sold by Chester Mattoon, Book Binder, Columbus, Ohio." As I turn the pages of this most invaluable and interesting archive, name after name of pioneers appears, with the mysterious surprise of resurrected memories, for many of them had long since been forgotten. But by the time the records of 1846 are reached, I recall with vividness the faces of about every name mentioned, including that of "Mike" Amick, the village blacksmith, who was noted for his profanity, and for whose conversion, during a revival, the United Brethren devoted at least a week of prayer, and then gave Mike up as a bad case. Toward the last of the strug-

gle, the Methodists came to their help, but Michael was too much for them all. There will be found in the appendix the names of the trustees and justices of the peace for the first thirty years of the township's life.

In looking over these Records, which are most creditable in substance and appearance, my eye has fallen on several interesting entries; for instance, my uncle Sam Hively and my uncle Jacob Schaff, both comparatively young men, were elected officers, first of one kind and then of another, in the town. The latter left Ohio when I was a boy. Following the ever-breathing trumpet of the frontier, he took root finally in Beatrice, Neb., and was the first, or among the first, of its mayors. Well, on page 23 there appears this entry: "November 31st (!), 1838. Warrant returned to me by James Carney [his son John, a mild, kind-hearted boy, was my schoolmate] Constable of Etna Township, Es-sued by Jacob Schaff and Samuel Hively, Overseers of Poor, warning Elijah A. Bivens, Ford Warden and Marcus Parmenter, to Depart out of Said Township forthwith. Served by Reading. Fees 30 cts. James A. Holtzman, T. Clk." So far as I know, this is the first time on record that November had thirty-one days.

The next year, being 1839, this same pair of uncles — both of them physical giants — ordered W. F. Berry to “Depart Forthwith. Fees, mileage 5 cts., service 10 cts.” Surely they got rid of Berry about as cheaply as one could expect. At the same rate my father and Henry S. Manon, overseers of the poor, got rid of Susannah Brittain on the eighth day of February, 1841. It is pitiful, however, to think of poor Susannah facing the world in the dead of winter.

Whether her tracks in the snow or the winter blasts haunted my father, or whether the whole business of overseeing the poor was disagreeable to him, at any rate, “At a meeting of the trustees of Etna Township held at the house of R. C. Hand the 18th day of April, 1844, present R. C. Hand, Albion Warthen [he was the leading storekeeper and lived just across the street from the United Brethren Church], they proceeded to business as follows, to appoint Doctor Tracey Scott as an Overseer of the Poor for the ensuing year in the place of Esq. John Schaff who declined serving. No further business. John R. Griffiths, T. Clk.”

The Henry S. Manon mentioned above was a son-in-law of Joshua Palmerston. Before the

National Road was built he carried the mail known as the pony express mail between Zanesville and Columbus, in 1840 took the United States Census, and was a member of the constitutional convention in 1850-55. He was an extensive farmer and large dealer in cattle and sheep. His son, Martin Van Buren Manon, a rugged, good-natured boy, — we always called him “Mart,” — went to the “Creek” school with me. The following entry has to do with Martin’s grandfather, Mr. Palmerston, and possesses, besides enduring local color, a suggestion that the overseers of the poor had got the measure of one pauper at least. “Warrant returned to me by George Maxfield, Constable of Etna Township, issued by Joshua Palmerton and Dr. Tracey Scott, overseers of Poor, warning John Miller to leave the *diggings* about said Township. Served by reading to John Miller. Fees 25 cts. George Maxfield, Const. John Griffiths, T. Clerk. Oct. 25, 1844.”

I am satisfied that Miller struck out mightily after the warrant was read to him, for whoever knew “Uncle” Joshua Palmerston did not wait to have an order of this kind repeated. Mr. Palmerston lived just beyond the toll-gate on the north side of the Pike, about half a

mile west of Etna. He was a tall, high-bred, dark-eyed man, and in his old age, when I went to West Point, had abundant iron-gray hair, and after the fashion of the day he always wore a black silk stock and a soft, broad-brimmed, light-colored hat, such as are still to be seen from time to time on surviving Southern planters. He bore the look and had the bearing of a gentleman of the old school; and in his class were the Marshalls, Thomas and Sam, the Hunters, the Atkinsons, the Conines, the Van Dorns, the elder Parkinsons, the Stones, the Winters, Millers, and many others of those pioneers whom as a boy I saw around our table.

There is much in the town records, sometimes grave and sometimes amusing, referring to persons, but I will leave it and make mention of only one more feature, and that is the record of the town roads, for there is nothing so everlastingly and sweetly companionable as brooks and country roads. And in the mind of the farmer's boy who aimlessly wanders along their winding banks, or barefooted, hatless, and oftentimes coatless, loiters along their dusty way, what seeds of delicious memories they sow! He never forgets the shallow fishing-hole with its little poisoning dace, nor does he forget the

silent, outstretching old road with its barways leading into quiet pastures, its roadside bushes and persistent flowers, the vagrant thistle with its royally tinted and girded bloom where bumble-bees, idler than himself, bury themselves in dreamy sleep, and where the little yellow-bird feeds when autumn comes on, mounting thence as he draws too near, and throwing back cheerily to him its delicately undulating notes. Yes, brooks, lanes, and country roads, you carry mankind's sweetest memories ! When my eye fell on the history of the road that runs south from Etna village, I found myself especially interested, for over it was made my first journey of childhood, a trip with my elder brother John to see my Aunt Matilda, who lived over a mile and a half away in the Houser settlement. We were sent around by the village, my mother being unwilling to let us take a short cut through the woods, for fear we might get lost. For, but a few years before, a boy by the name of John Kline, living near the schoolhouse in Etna and subject to epilepsy, wandered off into the woods and was lost several days ; the poor fellow was found down toward Basil. The trip was made in June, for a rosebush bloomed at the door of my aunt's cabin, and while I was near it, a



bumble-bee stung me on the lip, and I remember distinctly having bellowed well. It may interest those who live alongside of this road to read this brief account of its history from the town records, copied just as it is written. It shows that "Business" has been a stumper to spell for many a day. "Trustees met on the 18th day of April Instand present George Maxfield and Joshua Palmerston, and proceeded to Buisness as follows — Emploẽd J. C. Knowles to Survey and Ritify the line of South Road Leading South from the Town of Etna to county line of Fairfield. Staked it off accordingly to be opened By Supervisors of Said Road on correct line. No further Buisness and ajourned. J. A. Holtzman T. Clk."

Mr. Knowles, subsequently a justice of the peace, was from New England. He was a tall man with snowy hair and complexion, blue eyes, and a ministerial air due probably to an habitual white necktie and gold spectacles. He lived north of the village on the Pataskala road, and was a most worthy, public-spirited, and high-toned gentleman, and prominent member of the Presbyterian Church.

In 1842 the road in the extreme northwest corner of the town was laid out, "beginning

at the S. E. corner of land owned by David Church and the N. E. corner of land owned by Josiah Midbury, running due west to the County Line." James Harner, James Connel, and Alan-son Schofield were appointed viewers. All three of these men were leading citizens, but Mr. Schofield is the only one I remember. I stayed over night at his homestead when on furlough in 1860, and see now across the forty odd years the hollyhocks and old-fashioned flowers abloom in his garden.

The tracing of the original survey of the National Road, made in 1823 or 1824, gives the names of settlers at that time on its immediate location. Those living on the dirt road, known as the Hebron road, and the one over which my parents came, are not given; as boy and man I have pondered dreamily over the grassy foundations of more than one of them as I have wandered along it. The history of this old road that ran, as the map shows, close by the National Road, first one side and then the other, from east of Linnville to just west of Etna, when it bore off to the south, striking Black Lick several miles below Reynoldsburg, is beyond recovery.

But in thinking the matter over I wonder if

the following considerations offer the explanation of its origin.

In the first place, long before a pioneer traversed the woods, the Indians were going and coming from one hunting-ground to another; and before them the mound-builders, and before the mound-builders, the buffalo. Starting then with the latter, we have the prairie meadows on the Darby plains west of and about Columbus, and at Gratiot and along the Muskingum salt wells or salt licks, where the buffalo and elk would go in great numbers from their feeding grounds. Would they not naturally follow the South Fork, going east after crossing the divide of Black Lick? Besides, it is the very shortest line of travel. Again, the early surveys of the National Road show an ancient mound on the east bank of the Big Walnut, where it is crossed by the National Road. This mound was built and the country around it occupied in all probability about the same time as the celebrated works at Newark. Would not the people of these communities visit back and forth, and would they not follow the trails the buffalo had already made through the forest? Furthermore, the beaver dam on the Heffner, now the Essex farm, to

be mentioned more particularly later, would it not draw the Indians going from Black Lick and Big Walnut to the hunting-ground around the great Bloody Run swamp? And what was more, Flint Ridge, in the eastern part of the county, lies almost due east and on the very line of the old road, where for ages the Indians got the material for their flints; would it not draw them for many a mile, just as the salt licks on the other side of it drew the buffalo and elk? Moreover, and above all, for man and beast it offered the only easy passage between Bloody Run swamp, Bloody Run, and the South Fork of Licking. These are all mere guesses, but I think fairly well based on plausible theories. But however all this may be, the most of the pioneers of Etna came in over this old "Hebron" dirt road, a glorious passageway beneath majestic timber.

### CHAPTER III

IN the winter of 1829 or 1830 my father made a prospecting trip on horseback, through Licking, Franklin, and Pickaway, from Belmont County, where he had left his young Virginia wife with one child, and, after declining to buy what is now a part of the great city of Columbus, bought a farm in Etna. Here was a young man with a heart full of hope, courage, and energy, looking for a home; and the spirits that were at his side tolled him away from Columbus, where two or three blocks are worth more than the entire township of Etna, to a spot seventeen miles to the east, — to a little clearing of a few acres in the midst of primeval woods! Were they good or were they bad spirits? But however this may be, there he bought and contracted with some one for the construction of a cabin, and toward the end of a November day, just as a light snow began to fall, his two-horse wagon, containing all his worldly goods, drew up to the cabin door. The house was not finished, and I have often heard

my mother say that more than once that long first night she saw the stars gazing down on them through the loosely laid clapboard shingles. I have indicated this spot on the map with six diverging arrows, for there six boys were born ; my mother had eight all together, seven of whom lived to man's estate. The National Road was not built, and they followed the old Hebron road, whose outline can still be seen through the Heffner woods that lie between Bloody Run and the Beaver dam. They brought with them two cows driven behind the wagon, one named Cherry and the other Blossom ; and there were Cherries and Blossoms, their descendants, still jangling the same old bell, in the family when I was a small lad.

Our next neighbors west were the Jonathan Graybills. His daughters, Angeline and Hannah, I hated most bitterly, for they with another girl, named Edith Parker, used to nag me most unmercifully on our way home from school about my appearance, and especially my freckles. In a dream at West Point I saw Angeline — and a beautiful girl she was, by the way — in her coffin so vividly that I wrote at once to my mother about it, and her next letter told me that she had just died. She lies

with my parents and hers and many of those fellow schoolchildren in the lonely Etna graveyard.

The Marshalls and the Hunters, both from Virginia, were next east of us. The Marshalls belonged to the great Chief-Justice's family, and there was a goodly-sized weeping willow that drooped fountain-like before their door, which the elder Marshall had used as a riding whip when he came to Licking. Mr. Marshall was very, very kind to my mother. On one occasion, just after she had moved into the cabin, she was sitting alone and crying when he entered suddenly. "Why, why, Mrs. Schaff," he exclaimed, "what in the world are you crying about?" "Oh, nothing, nothing, Mr. Marshall, — I am only homesick, I reckon." "Cheer up, little woman, we will all be kind to you," said the big-hearted Virginian, and so he was till the end. James, one of the Marshall boys, went to the Mexican war in Captain Duncan's company, and I remember the family's distress when the news reached home that he had died in Vera Cruz. His sister Nancy Marshall, about my mother's age, and her dear friend, brought the letter telling them of his death. Tears fell in our home, for his grave seemed so far away.

The next neighbor beyond the Marshalls' was Judge William Hunter, for whom Hunter's Run was named. He was one of the associate judges of the county from 1844 to 1852, and a man of great natural dignity. I do not recall his face distinctly, but I do see a black mare with a stumpy tail trotting resolutely up and down the Pike, and the judge holding the reins.

Then on beyond were the Lightigs, George and Maria. The former died with smallpox, and the latter, when exhumed a few years ago in a churchyard down near the Bloody Run swamp, was found petrified, all save an arm. Late one night while sitting before a wood fire smoking, one of the party who had exhumed Maria told me grimly that they propped her up against the back of the church while they refilled the grave, — the only instance, so far as I know, of Nature giving a monument life size to any citizen of Etna, and of a corpse, after being in the ground fifteen or twenty years, taking an easy attitude against the church, witnessing the operation of the filling of its own grave and surveying the graveyard and the fields around in broad daylight.

Beyond where this somewhat fateful Lightig family lived, following the National Road as it



leads on to the east, were the Abraham Graybills, then the Pitchers, both with low, white frame houses and substantial great hewed-log barns. It is not of any consequence, or probably of any interest, at the present time whether the barns were framed or of logs; but it is Etna of sixty years ago that I am describing, and those structures, which in most cases were built on the side of a hill so as to bring the threshing floor on a level with the ground, the basement being used for stabling horses and sometimes cows and sheep, — those great barns with holes in the gables for the swallows stand out in full quiet light across the intervening years. Moreover, when they were raised one of the primal social events in frontier life took place, the antecedent of modern receptions, lunches, dinners, and dances.

For by the time the last log was up the tables were set and the pioneer girls of the neighborhood, robed in dresses with stripes and squares colored with the dyes of madder, butternut, and peach leaves, and all blooming with health, smiles, and unconscious good manners, would serve the hearty supper. When that was over the table was carried out into the yard, and then they danced to a fiddle, aggravated to the

last degree, with jig after jig, ending with the Virginia reel, just as the roosters in the plum trees and cherry trees along the garden fence began to crow for the reddening dawn.

The first large frame barn was built in Etna about 1849 or 1850 by Henry Warner, who kept a tavern midway of the village. The barn was located on his farm north of and some distance away from the Pike, and when it was raised all the people of Etna, men, women, and children, were gathered about it; and to this day I can see one of the carpenters walking on a purlin, while every woman and child gazed in breathless attention, fearful that he would fall. I do not suppose it was over twenty-five or thirty feet high, but to my boyish eyes it looked as if he were way up, walking in the sky; he was the hero of us all. After the barn was roofed, a great Sunday-school celebration was held in it. My uncle, Samuel Hively, one of the best of men and the first and only Abolitionist in Etna when the party was organized, in 1835, a Virginian, over six feet tall, was the marshal.

Over on the Creek were the Atkinsons, the Bairds, the Millers, families of weight and well merited distinction; while up on York Street

were the nearest and dearest of all, the Abraham and Jacob Winters. On the other hand, off to the north, south, and west, were the Smokes, Yeomans, Palmerstons and Van Dorns, Conines, Harts, Housers, Maugers, and Snyders — all, all, were our friends; and any boy or girl who can trace his or her lineage back to any of them may well feel proud of the blood.

It would be difficult to portray the simplicity and naturalness of society as it was in Etna when I was a boy, say in 1845 to 1850. There was no class founded on wealth, no one distinguished by either learning, ancestry, achievement, or pretentious estate, — we were all on the same level, wore the same home-made clothes, read or studied in dimly lighted rooms or by the light of wood fires, looked each other in the face when we met at each other's doors, all unconscious of that restless kingdom known as society, and in blessed, happy ignorance of what is now called refinement and culture, and in a perfect freedom from the weakening, tormenting, pessimistic fastidiousness that afflicts modern life. It is true there were the asperities and crudeness of uncut marble about all social life, but viewed in the light of philosophy

born of experience and close observation of this drama called life, the conditions might almost appear ideal.

The Marshalls, Hunters, Atkinsons, Millers, Winters, the De Weeses and Larimores and Hands, lower down on the South Fork, — all these were families of the best breeding; that is, families who had natural, not acquired, good manners. The men on public occasions bore themselves with great dignity toward one another, and, toward all women at all times, with a courtliness of address which they had inherited from their Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia ancestors, and which would have graced a gentleman at any period of the world. Hospitality was a natural and every-day virtue. The stranger found the door wide open, and no one felt embarrassment if he arrived just as dinner or supper was ready. As a matter of course his horse, if riding, was taken at once to the stable and fed, and he joined the family at the table. When there was a wedding — the engagement was never announced or acknowledged — all turned out to the feast; and when there was a funeral a long procession of buggies, wagons, and persons on horseback followed the dead to the graveyard, there joined

in hymn and prayer, and when all was over, escorted the sorrowful back to their home on the farm or the cabin in the woods. It is needless to say that they borrowed anything and everything from each other, from a coffee-pot or spinning-wheel or plough up to a wagon, and were never in a hurry about returning it.

On Sunday everybody went to church, the women sitting on the right and the men on the left side of the house; the men in linsey-woolsey with stiff black stocks, the women in open flaring bonnets and their hands covered with black lace gloves. The grandmothers were generally in a row up next the pulpit, all looking sweetly benign and charitable. The whole congregation kneeled during the prayers and sang loud enough to be heard for miles when they struck a favorite hymn. One of my relations, Abraham Houser, mentioned heretofore, when he opened up "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye," was heard, I am inclined to think, by the most distant settler on the other side of this famous stream.

My father was one of the charter members of the United Brethren Church, and our house was the rendezvous for all the preachers, among whom were some very able and distinguished

men, like Bishops Edwards, Hanby, Davis, Montgomery, and many others whose names glitter in the sky of the church's history.

The Methodists had the first church in Etna, of course; for Methodism grew as naturally among the frontiersmen, with their ever ready to bloom, emotional natures, as wild grapes grow in thickets or the sanctimonious elderberry in the fence corners. If ever there was a religious organization whose informing spirit represented the genius of the American people, it was and is that church, and in my judgment it can fairly be claimed that to that body, with its inherent and spontaneous democracy, the West and Southwest are indebted for their strength, their contributions in men who have been leaders in the affairs of the country, and who, in fact, have shaped its destiny.

None of my people were Methodists. But in my boyhood I heard a great many most ridiculous controversies over the relative merits of the United Brethren, our people's church, and the Methodist Church, and they were sometimes so heated as to threaten friendly relations. And all over what? Why, because the Methodists closed their doors to the members of other churches when they had an experience meeting,

—too often a meeting when member after member would get up and dismally tell of his journey along the road of Christian life. The real difficulty was, the Methodists would not give the other frontiersmen a chance to tell their experiences, thus debarring them from the enjoyment of the most prized of all American institutions, namely, the opportunity to address their fellow citizens. For it does not make any difference whether it be a political caucus, Knights of Pythias banquet, a town meeting, or a meeting of the New England Historical Society, it is only really enjoyable to this day so far as it gives the average member a chance to have an audience look at him while he talks.

I was present at the dedication of the German Reformed Church in the German settlement in 1854 or 1855. It was a beautiful sunshiny day in midsummer; the church stood in the woods, facing south a few yards from the Fairfield line; and with the boys of the neighborhood I wandered among the teams and saddle horses standing under the trees and heard the great German voice pour out of the open windows as they sang their mighty hymns in their old home language. My father was there a special guest; for, being able to speak German, he was,

besides being a justice of the peace and making all their deeds, the interpreter, counselor, and friend in all business matters. The services were in German, and to the surprise and amusement of the family, he was discovered singing away in German with the rest of the congregation, when it was notorious that he did not know one tune from another.

I was present also at the dedication of the Disciples, commonly known as Campbellite church, that stands on the north side of Licking, in the angle formed by York Street and the Refugee Road, in 1856. It was a great occasion ; for Alexander Campbell, the founder of the church itself, was present, and hundreds of people, old and young, from far and near, came to see that wonderful man. He was very tall, had bristling white hair, worn in the Andrew Jackson style, and very dark, lively black eyes overarched with mantling white eyebrows. My father as a boy had heard him preach his first sermon in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, and renewed an early acquaintance. The services continued practically all day ; and to accommodate the multitude long tables supplied with abundant food were set on the bank of the creek in bowers made of willow and pawpaw.



The moving spirit, the founder and life, of this church was Jacob Winter. He was spare, with furrowed cheeks, blind in one eye, above the average height, and, like his brother Abraham, widely known and well beloved. Both he and his brother were men of unfailing courtesy, genial and open-hearted, and of engaging natural refinement. No young man ever met them — and they had a friendly welcome for every one — who was not the better for it. In sunshine and in shadow they were always the same, and it was my fortune, although Jacob Winter was many years my senior, to have his active friendship till death overtook him. Both have long since gone to their reward.

There were a great many men, women, girls, and boys there that day whose faces and figures are still clear to me. God bless the living; I hope that the dead are in a land where streams are flowing and where the birds sing as sweetly as they sang on the banks of the Licking.

The Presbyterian church, farther up the creek and near Pataskala, was dedicated some time between 1840 and 1845. In the cemetery alongside of it lies the clay of John S. Miller, a gentleman and one of my best friends. Its clergyman was Rev. Timothy Howe, a tall, spare

man, with kindly deep blue eyes. He was from New England, and in learning, public spirit, social acquirements, wide acquaintance and esteem was easily the leading citizen of Etna township. His son, Brainard, was my first warm school friend, and his wife was one of my mother's life-long friends. Their house stood on the right-hand side of the road in the village of Etna and at the very crest of the hill. Beyond it stretched great fields dotted here and there with stumps, but carpeted all over with the low, steely, blue grass, where very long-horned steers grazed, owned by Thomas Mathews, a red-faced, burly Englishman who lived across the road from Mr. Howe. Those fields are overlooked by the little cemetery knoll that rises out of other fields on the south of the Pike, a half-mile west of the village.

It is a fact of some historic interest that the last time I went to this graveyard with my mother, save when I followed her dear clay, I read aloud the names and inscriptions on the tombstones as we walked up to the family lot. When I came to that of a Fanny Ward, my mother, who was leaning on my arm — she was almost eighty years old — stopped, exclaiming, "Is that Fanny Ward's grave? She was the

first woman buried here, and I remember the day well, Morris."

In this Etna graveyard my grandmother Schaff, who taught me my letters, my grandmother Hartzell, my father and mother, all lie, on that little knoll from which undulating green fields, checkered with fences and dotted with grazing sheep and cattle, spread gently and silently away. A tranquil spot, and not especially lonely, — it never gave me that impression, — somehow or other it always seemed to have a mysterious union with the sky; but a spot where sleep promised to be deeper and more undisturbed, it would be hard to find. When I was a boy it was surrounded by a rail fence, and blackberries grew here and there among the graves, all covered with tall grass in summer, and over which rabbit tracks broke the snow in winter.

In my early boyhood, about the time of the Mexican war, there was a militia company in Etna. The hat they wore was very much like, if not an exact copy of, the one we wore at West Point, except that it had a white and red pompon somewhat larger than the black one worn by the cadets. In my eyes, as this company paraded west of the schoolhouse in Etna village, they

looked like warriors of many a bloody field; and when they came marching along with their flint-lock muskets with savage-looking fixed bayonets, — keeping step to two screaming fifes, the fifiers swaying proudly, and a bass drum beaten in lofty style by Henry Neff, a heavy-browed Pennsylvanian, one of the village carpenters, — where is the rustic heart that would not beat fast at such a spectacle of martial glory? Thumping away with great flourishes and casting from time to time a fierce look at us small boys chasing along in bulging-eyed awe, Mr. Neff was something immense. I have seen Generals Scott, Grant, McClellan, Sherman, Sheridan and all the great generals who led the gallant old Army of the Potomac, but none of them were ever half so grand, in my eyes, as Henry Neff marching at the head of the militia company, Captain James Conine commanding.

When the Mexican war ended, this company faded away. Neff's big drum dreamed from a peg in his carpenter's shop, the old flint-lock musket took its place with the long squirrel rifle and shot-gun on the gun rack; and, instead of tramping down the dog fennel of the parade ground, its members followed the plough and

harrow, thinking deeply, wondering what those fires meant which were just kindling along the slopes of the future, and which in 1861 broke out into the conflagration of the great Rebellion.

It would be a hopeless undertaking in these days of curbed emotions and over-developed fastidiousness to try to convey an adequate idea of the intensity and extravagance of political opinions of Etna township in my boyhood. Then the individual, unconscious of restraint, did his own thinking and expressed his conclusions with bold and rugged freedom. He was Nature's realist. Now he is lost in the multitude; no one cares for his opinions; the color has all vanished from his views; and he is only an atom of the tarnishing gilt on the Temple of Mammon. However this may be, in those early days nine out of ten of the heads of families in Etna dropped everything whenever one of the party orators held forth; corn to be cut, potatoes dug, ground ploughed for wheat, — nothing could keep them at home, especially during the presidential campaigns. When the political tide ran high, there were processions, men and women on horseback, barbecues, and pole raisings, following one after another, week

upon week, till the campaign was over. As an illustration of the prevailing political extravagance, we Democrats built a platform of young hickory at our house, mounted it on a wagon, and with a tall pole carrying a flag and a rooster, set off between three and four o'clock in the morning, drawn by six horses, for a big political meeting in Newark, sixteen miles away. There were thousands of people from all over Licking, packing the square about the court house, while the streets were filled from curb to curb with teams. There I heard the famous and picturesque Sam Houston of Texas and General George D. Morgan of Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

The township up to the time I went to West Point, in 1858, like all the county, was strongly Democratic, and so also was the congressional district from which I was appointed. It was made up of Licking, Franklin, and Pickaway counties, and was represented in Congress by Samuel S. Cox of Columbus,—a small, alert, always attractive, dark-haired man, with a cumulous white forehead; one of the wittiest and one of the most brilliant men of his day. My indebtedness to him is great. For he opened the gates for an obscure boy to other fields

than those of the old home, — the fields of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania; and on some of them the boy tried to do a soldier's duty.

In my boyhood I do not remember a single serious crime, to have been committed in the town of Etna, or Kirkersville, or within a radius of fifteen miles of either of them, save the mortal stabbing of Longbrake, in a quarrel over wages, by the German, Stingley. Horse-stealing, however, was not uncommon, and a professional horse thief reared in the town had the following rather interesting relations to our family. His father was one of the pioneers, a large landholder; his mother was a rather gentle woman, who in her widowhood met about every blast of adversity. This boy, her youngest, was spare, yellow-haired, and of medium height, and almost a perfect type of what is known in the South as mountaineer white trash, and yet his mother was a dark-eyed and respectable Virginian. Well, he began his career of horse thief about the time he was twenty-one, but was wise enough not to do his stealing near home. He came and went, to be sure, rather mysteriously, but he had no intimates, and could easily account for him-

self. After a long absence, during which I think his mother had died, or at any rate had removed to a distance from the neighborhood, much to my mother's surprise he one summer's day appeared at the door and asked her if she remembered him. He had always borne a marked face, a certain wild, natural distrust in his steady blue eyes, which, after looking into her face, revealed him to my mother, who exclaimed, "Is this you, William?" and gave him her hand. In the course of his visit, for so it happened my mother was alone that afternoon, he told her that he had just been released from the penitentiary, where he had served a long sentence for horse-stealing, and claimed, when she hoped he would reform, that he had few other weaknesses, meant to reform, etc., etc. She probably believed him; at any rate she gave him a dinner, and, as it turned out, cast her bread upon waters that at last returned. For, some years later, the title of the homestead was attacked and this same man was the sole depository of the key that settled the difficulty. After a long search he was found on the border of a Western State (there possibly for convenience in evading the law) and willingly gave his testimony, stating that



my mother had treated him as no other woman had treated him, save his own mother, who knew his history. I never knew what became of him finally, but have no doubt that his dust lies off in some lonely Western graveyard, and perhaps unmarked; but, wherever it is, there rests with me a mysterious interest about his memory.

Litigation, judging from my father's dockets as justice of the peace, was confined chiefly to suits on notes, leases, ownership of stock that had gone astray, and disputes about land boundaries. Commonplace as many of these cases were at times, they enlisted the best lawyers of the country. I remember appearing as counsel before my father, Mr. Justice William B. Woods, late of the Supreme Court, Mr. Charles Tollett, Mr. Case, Mr. Kibler, and others, leading members of the Licking County bar.

I am satisfied that my father, like most of the old-time "squires," knew mighty little law, yet he and they were all endued with a liberal allowance of what is known as "horse sense," — that faculty which, without blazed paths, finds its way through a wilderness of testimony to the sunny clearings of justice.

## CHAPTER IV

I DOUBT if the spirit of wisdom ever mingled with a people on closer terms than with our forefathers; and, as a result, all the roots of our country's glory, towering like an oak, so to speak, are found, on final analysis, running down into and drawing their sustenance from the system of public schools. And, as a proof that this spirit had penetrated the wilderness, the very first official act of the pioneers, after the town was organized, divided the township, beginning at the eastern end, into four school districts. I cannot definitely locate the schoolhouses except in Etna, the Snyder settlement, and our own district; but the little country schoolhouse where a boy first goes to school stands in the same old spot, weathers all time, and the grass in its playground and in the fields about it grows greener as old age comes on. At least that is true of mine, — and yet every one of them has joined the eternal and irresistible procession of earthly things, and has long since disappeared.

The first one I went to was in Etna, on the north side of the village and west from the Methodist Church. Back of it lay some open fields, and in the middle of one of them, with a mulberry tree near it, stood a log barn that always, for an especial reason, had a weird lonesomeness about it in my eyes. The reason was this. When Wilson Shannon, one of my father's early acquaintances in Belmont County, was on his way to Columbus to be inaugurated as governor in 1838, his trunk was stolen from the boot of the stage, as the horses slowed up at the ascent from Hart's Run on the east edge of the village, by a man of the name of Chris Scherer, who carried it off through the darkness, and hid it in this barn. The governor, on missing his trunk at Reynoldsburgh, told the driver that, although it contained all his wardrobe, yet if the thief would return the shirts which his wife had lovingly made with her own hands, and which he was to wear while governor, he might keep all the rest of the contents of the trunk. The exquisite needlework was so particularly described that a few weeks after, when Scherer, arrayed in some of the governor's clothes, mounted the stage for Columbus, the driver noticed his

shirt, and when they reached Columbus turned him over to the town marshal, who took him to the capitol. The governor recognized his linen and clothes at once, and Scherer, who was a stupid Dutchman, confessed on the spot, and told where the trunk could be found, in that old deserted barn. After Scherer had served his sentence in the penitentiary, he broke stone along the Pike, and to us little schoolchildren as we passed him going to and from school, seated alone day after day on an old sheepskin, his left hand protected by a piece of cast-off boot leg, his eyes by large blue goggles, he was always an object of dread and of pitiful interest.

West of the schoolhouse was an open lot where the geese gathered, the town cows grazed, and the militia paraded. The public square was near by, a lot set off in the heart of the town by the founder, with a vain hope that a new county might be formed, and Etna be the county seat. Down through this lot ran a little ditch which was a favorite spot for all small boys, with breeches rolled up as high as possible, to wade in at recess after a rain. One summer the teacher, a Mr. McClellan, a middle-aged man with a gracious, luminous counte-

nance, forbade our going near the brook, as several of the smallest boys had fallen in and got thoroughly soaked. But on one occasion the brooklet was hustling along brim full, and the temptation was too great; up went our little breeches, and in we went. One of the waders fell, got wet all over, and went back to the schoolhouse, bawling at the top of his lungs. The result was that we were called up, one by one, and publicly spanked over McClellan's knees, and I remember distinctly my sense of humiliation; when I got back to my seat, with head down on my desk to hide my tears, I vowed that I would whip McClellan just as soon as, yes, the very day, I had grown up. I do not believe I was the only little fellow who, after like punishment, made similar dire resolutions, but up to this time I have never heard of any of them being executed; they all lie with many a little hope and many a boyish love under the greened-over ashes of youth.

In 1849 my father sold his farm near Etna, and bought the Longbrake and Mellenberg farms, two miles east along the Pike and nearer Kirkersville, which became our post-office address and the centre of neighborhood relations. That brought my schooldays in Etna to an end,

for thenceforth we belonged to another district, known for a long time by our family name. The schoolhouse stood facing south, near where the present one stands, but on the westerly side of the small, neglected, and practically abandoned graveyard, which is older, as a matter of fact, than the one west of Etna village. The schoolhouse itself was a very small affair, a building not over eighteen or twenty by thirty feet, resting on round blocks; and the sheep that roamed the unfenced woods, and fed along the Pike on the blue grass that carpeted its dusty sides, would crawl under the schoolhouse to enjoy its cool shade when the sun began to beat down, lulled into dreams, perhaps, by the drawling recitations going on above them. As soon as they heard the commotion of recess, however, they would begin to scuttle out, and it was then a great question whether they or the boys would get out first, for it meant a race to the woods well understood by both parties. I can hear the bells jingling and see the long tails bobbing yet, as over the Pike they went and out into the open primeval woods that reached to the Refugee Road.

To this school went the Parkinsons, Rudolph and John Henry, grandsons of Isaac Essex, the

Crows, Kellars, Zellars, Moores, Shanks, Rickleys, and Millers. Another of the scholars was Amos Hefner, who always wore a brownish "wammus" with fringed borders. This article was a sort of roundabout made at home, and the last of the pioneer garb. He was a lusty, broad-shouldered, thin-lipped, smiling fellow, whose family, like many of the pioneers, followed the frontier with the deer, and disappeared in the wilderness of Indiana.

At one time we had a teacher by the name of Whitehead, who used to thrash us boys with a whitethorn stick — "gad," as we called it — which was very tough, and four or five feet long, and, when not in use, reposed in full view on top of his desk, seasoning. He had a way of calling us up for whispering, or some similar boyish misdemeanor, and giving it to us warmly, yes, mercilessly, around the legs; and when one realizes that drawers in those days were the exception, some idea can be formed of what such a thrashing meant. And yet it was good fun for everybody except the fellow who was catching it. Whitehead was small, stunted, and cruel, with bristling black hair, and a blotched, cloudy face.

We had another teacher there by the name

of Fink, who had been a soldier in the Mexican War, a big-hearted Virginian. As was customary in those days, he boarded around with his pupils, and before the fire told us many a story of his soldier life, and so vividly and naturally that we could almost hear the guns of Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec. He had heavy, black, united eyebrows, and did not know as much as Whitehead, but he carried an honest face and a soldier's heart.

The schoolmaster who taught longest, and, perhaps, was the best; who, as teacher and as justice of the peace, was known and remembered kindly by a larger number of the people of Etna than almost any other citizen of the town; and who for a great many years was almost an inmate of our family, was Andrew J. Shohoney. He was of middle size, firmly and compactly built, with a full, kind, serene face, thoughtful gray eyes, darkish, smothered red beard, and a broad, high forehead of marked distinction, bordered with thin, deep chestnut hair. His movements were all deliberate, and yet he was an athlete with nerves and muscles like steel; but what opened the door of everybody's heart was the cloudless, June-day-like sweetness, the calming mod-



generateness and charity of his nature. He taught nothing beyond arithmetic, reading, geography, and elementary grammar; he had never had the opportunity to fit himself to teach more. But he had walked the upward winding ways and paths of many virtues, — virtues whose paths and ways are greener than the ways and paths of abstract sciences; he taught us all to tell the truth, to have patience, to have courage, and to be respectful to our elders. He won many a boy's heart, and he won mine. I used to write to him when I was at West Point, and more than once, as I walked my post in the dead hours of night, I remembered him, and wished that, when the day came for me to graduate, he might be present and share my pleasure. He was the oldest son of James Shohoney, who lived on our Mellenberg farm, and he had two brothers, James and Edward. The latter died at Vicksburg, in the war. His father played and hunted with the last of the Shawnee Indians in Bowling Green Township. May the wind ever breathe softly over "Andy" Shohoney's grave!

In the basement of the Disciples' Church was kept a private school, the first of its kind in all that region, and known as the Creek

school. Its first master was an elderly man from Virginia, by the name of Best, who was followed by a prim, tall, narrow-shouldered young man, a graduate of Oberlin, by the name of Browning. Both were most exemplary, genteel men, but naturally sombre, rarely smiling, and neither ever knew what it was to laugh. Moreover, Browning had a very uncomfortable habit of watching one out of the corners of his black eyes.

I went to this school a part of two winters before going to West Point, and many a good fellow went there to school with me, — Joseph Atkinson, Clay Miller, the Charles, Colson, Jones, Morrow, and Kellar boys, and among others William White, who, much to my surprise, called out, “Hallo, Morris!” from the line of battle at Spottsylvania Courthouse, while I was riding by with an order from Grant’s headquarters to White’s corps commander, General John Gibbon, for one of those deadly charges that were made on that field. I never heard my name so unexpectedly. I reined up as soon as I could, and there stood “Bill” of the old Creek school, with his dark eyes and daring, open countenance aglow with boyish friendship. I looked down into

his face and clasped his hand with a grasp that showed, I hope, that our schooldays were not forgotten. That gallant fellow, along with other Kirkersville boys, was in the 4th Ohio, and in one of its bitter engagements was seriously wounded. Surely the Creek school turned out one hero at least.

The first class that ever studied algebra in Etna township was composed of Joseph Atkinson, Clay Miller, David Kellar, Martin Van Buren Manon, Colonel Morrison Youmans, and myself. Manon I have lost sight of, but, so far as I know at this writing, all my other classmates are alive. Atkinson and Miller are prosperous and respected farmers on the Licking, Kellar a lawyer of distinction in Newark, Ohio, and Colonel Youmans a prominent citizen of Columbus.

There was not a library in the township, and books were very, very few; but those we had were read and re-read, and doubtless with as much benefit as we get from the vast numbers to which we have access now. Some worthless yet thrilling Indian stories, the history of the United States, Lives of Washington and Marion and other Revolutionary generals, Webster's old blue-bound spelling-book, with

its four illustrated fables, and McGuffey's Readers about completed the list. But with the exception of one family, the McGuires, all were Protestants, and the Bible was in every house, and in that day it was read and read again, till every story and all of its lofty, vibrating poetry was known and more or less appreciated by all. In ours, the family, servants, and farm hands having been assembled, it was read every morning by my father, and after he closed the book, we all knelt and he made a prayer.

I remember with great distinctness, and with moistened eyes, his prayer the morning I left for West Point. Up to that time not a boy in the town had been more than twenty miles away from home. The journey I was to take seemed long, and I was to be gone for two years. I merely mention this incident because it throws some light, not on the ranges of human nature, but on a day when the world was not lighted up and connected as it is to-day, and when Religion held a seat in the hearts of men along with manliness, simplicity, and love of country, and above wealth, and was an active, formulating, pervading influence.

About every family took a weekly newspaper, — there were no dailies. We took the

"Ohio Statesman," the "Newark Advocate," and the "Religious Telescope." The "Advocate" and the "Statesman" were Democratic organs and violently partisan; while the "Telescope," then as now, always pointed serenely and lovingly to the Heavenly Kingdom. Away in the early fifties "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared. Did the people believe in the story of Uncle Tom? Yes. And slavery never recovered from that surprised, penetrating, disapproving look that sprang into the eyes of the North.

The sports and amusements were of the simplest character, — corn-huskings, fox-hunting, log-rollings and quiltings, with now and then a trip to Kirkersville or Reynoldsburgh to a circus, or to a horse race at Pickerington, the county fair at Newark or Lancaster, or to camp-meetings. In addition we had singing-schools, and of all my memories of those days none are greener or sweeter to linger over; especially of one held on York Street at a little schoolhouse that stood by the roadside near where Abraham and Jacob Winter lived. The voice of one of the girls who sang there I heard at times mingling with the bugles of the Army of the Potomac, and I still hear it. The way we sang and what we sang would not, I

fear, meet with the approval of the delicately strung music teachers of to-day; we did as well as we knew how, and if it was very bad we were happy in not knowing it; but over us all the stars decked the heavens with as much smiling, mysterious beauty as now, while we walked home with girls as beautiful as those of to-day. Oh, what would youth be if it had to bid farewell to moon and stars; and oh, could the voices of home-going groups from those singing-schools break again, as from time to time they broke under starlight and moonlight, into songs that floated over the fields and through the listening timber!

The interiors of the houses were often very bare, varying with the means and cultivation of the families. In the early days, of necessity, there was but little furniture, — a table, a bureau, a small, inexpensive looking-glass, and a few chairs, all wretchedly uncomfortable, with here and there a glaringly cheap colored print on the walls. But they were not all so meagre in comforts and appointments; in more than one the door opened on a scene of simple, natural refinement. A well cared-for, open, wide fireplace, with its fender and massive andirons, ornamented at the top sometimes with a tip

or sphere of brass, and sometimes throwing out a prong to hold the huge poker; windows draped with white curtains decorated with borders of little dangling white tassels; corner cupboard doors with glass doors revealing pink and blue china; and I recall in this connection two most cordial-looking decanters, one plain and the other with a twisted and fluted neck, with some glasses suggesting the spirit of hospitality and good cheer. Then, in the chambers there were rag carpets; and the spreads on the beds, many of them carded, dyed, and woven in the house, or brought from Pennsylvania and old Virginia, were beautiful to look upon and imparted a sweet air of refinement to the room. In a good many of the houses also were to be seen wooden clocks with weights dangling from iron chains. Our old wooden clock I like to think about, for it had a picture on the door of a stately young woman in a sweeping red dress, her hair plastered down on her temples, and her hands clasped before her, toying with a little white fan. Beneath in black letters was her name, "Lauretta"! A smile gathers as I recall her, she was so proper and coldly well bred as she surveyed us boys! And upon my honor, I always stood in awe of her.

## CHAPTER V

THE most important event in the life of Kirkersville and Etna Township was the building of the National Road, known familiarly as the Pike, and officially as the Cumberland and United States Road. The present generation, save those reared along it, never having heard of it, are completely ignorant of its history, and therefore cannot realize how great a part this highway played in the nation's early life.

To fully appreciate its national importance, it must be borne in mind that in the early days of our country the commerce of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, obeying the law of commercial gravity, was finding its markets down the Mississippi, and that there was wide and deep political discontent over the indifference of New England and the middle coast States to the welfare of the West; and so rapidly were these alienating forces increasing, that the chances are that, had its construction been delayed twenty years, the West would have broken from the East, and organized an independent



government with the capital at Louisville, St. Louis, or New Orleans.

The credit for foreseeing and providing for this fateful contingency is due to Albert Gallatin, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury from 1801 to 1814. Through his influence Congress appointed a committee to report on the question of "laying out and making roads from the navigable waters emptying into the Atlantic to the river Ohio." This committee reported December 19, 1805, and Congress immediately passed an act to "regulate the laying out and making a road from Cumberland, in the State of Maryland, to the State of Ohio." It authorized the President to appoint "three discreet and disinterested citizens of the United States" as a Commission to lay out the road. Jefferson appointed Thomas Moore of Maryland, Joseph Kerr of Ohio, and Eli Williams of Maryland. These Commissioners, starting at Cumberland on the Potomac, followed, in their location of the new National Road, the line of the old Braddock Road, which, in its turn, had followed the old Indian trail. When Braddock started on his ill-starred march from Cumberland, Sir John St. Clair preceded him with six hundred

pioneer choppers, making a track ten or twelve feet wide for Braddock's train. It was a May morning when they set out, in the year 1755. The National Road followed this road till it reached Laurel Hill, beyond the Alleghanies. There the roads parted, Braddock's bearing off toward Pittsburg to its fatal field, the National Road striking westward through Uniontown to Brownsville on the Monongahela, and thence on to the Ohio at Wheeling.

In 1807 the President got permission of Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania for authority to build the road through their domain, and in 1811 a contract was made with Henry McKinley, for the building of the first section, at the rate of \$21.25 a rod.

The location was eighty feet wide, to be cleared of all timber and stumps, and the road-bed itself thirty feet on top, "to afford suitable security," so say the specifications, "in passing on a way to be frequently crowded with wagons moving in opposite directions with transports of emigrant families and droves of cattle, hogs, etc., on the way to market." The road was a government undertaking, and was built under the supervision of the War Department; it was macadamized with from seven to eleven inches

of broken stone, all its bridges and culverts of cut stone, its grades low, and appointments in every way substantial and worthy of its builders and its great and serious purpose.

In 1818 it reached the Ohio. It is evident from a letter of Gallatin's, written in September, 1808, in regard to its location, that he expected that after crossing the Ohio it would follow the old Indian trail to Chillicothe and Cincinnati, but political influence swung it to its present location, directing that it run through the capitals of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, then at Vandalia. It began its great march at once, and in 1825 was located as far as Columbus; Joseph E. Johnston, the famous Confederate general, then a young graduate of West Point, being one of the party of engineers to make the preliminary surveys along the route of Kirkersville and Etna. After reaching Columbus in 1833, it was pushed on rapidly to Indianapolis, and thence to Vandalia; there the railroads overtook it in 1852, and its day was ended. It had traversed seven hundred miles, the longest macadamized road that ever was built by any government in the world.

At once on its completion as far as the Ohio River, a mighty tide of emigration set in, as

though a magic bugle had been heard from the river's banks, or from the top of the Alleghanies. High and low, and everywhere among the mountains and down over the misty Blue Ridge of old Virginia, the people heard it, and with a better faith than that of the Crusaders, teams were harnessed, the household property of manor-houses as well as of many a cabin was packed, a good-by was waved to the old home, and off they started for the National Road. If one might, in imagination, take the peak of Laurel Hill where it crossed the Allegheny as a look-out, say in the month of May or June, 1825, — John Quincy Adams was President of the United States, — off to the northwest would lie Lake Erie, from whose shore to Belvoir on the Gulf of Mexico, the home of Jefferson Davis, the trees interlaced their limbs over every foot, save the channels of the Ohio and the Tennessee, — from that overlooking standpoint a vast procession of wagons, sometimes two abreast, would greet his eye, pressing on toward the Ohio; while dashing through the stream, he would see stages drawn by four horses, the leaders here and there decorated with streaming banners, carrying the United States mail. Now it would be the Boston, now the New

York, and now the New Orleans mail. The nation's destiny lay in the hopes and the character of the men and women who formed that procession, and every day's march was the march of the wealth and power of the world westward.

Built as it was by the government, brushing the mighty trees out of its path as though they were reeds, carrying its level high over ravines and marshes and surging creeks, cutting boldly down through the hills, marching on mile after mile, it possessed then, as it possesses now, the mysterious power of statehood; making every one who traveled it feel that in no sense was he an intruder, but inspiring him, on the contrary, with a feeling of self-respect and a lofty national pride. It was called the National and United States Road, and brought the government as a concrete reality for the first time to the immigrants, and sons of the Revolutionary soldiers. It is interesting to imagine the expression on their faces, as, emerging from some narrow, winding, grass-grown, muddy country road, this great highway broke on their vision for the first time. Its royal breadth; its bridges of cut stone spanning the runs and creeks, their guards carried up three and a half feet, with a

wide, heavy coping; its defiance of every obstacle, and the obvious thoroughness of its construction and disregard of expense, must have made their simple hearts beat fast. The falling in, too, with people from all quarters of the country must have had a quickening effect on the natures of these children of provincialism, born in little, isolated, secluded cabins. It must have been like a draught of champagne to them when they met the stages, heard their echoing horns, and caught for the first time that look of superiority and indifference which personages of average importance are likely to assume when traveling on stages or in Pullman cars. Surely, as they trudged on in their surprise and exultation, the National Road must have seemed to them, not an ordinary highway, but something endowed with might. But a youthful spirit, the genius of the land, was walking at their side, and as the stages dashed westward, with kindling hopes and animated faces they followed on.

Is it not reasonable to say in view of the vast and rich country that it opened, and of the wealth and power now seated there, that the National Road marks an epoch in the country's history just as the Appian Way marked an

epoch in Roman history, long after the columns of her temples had fallen and her great men had sunk into oblivion? And here let me quote from Searight's "Old Pike," a history of the National Road, and a monument to its patient and indefatigable author:—

"The Appian Way was a great road, and is invested with much classic and historic interest, but, unlike the National Road, it did not yield its place to greater lines of progress and improvement. The Appian Way was designed to gratify the pomp and vanity of consuls and pro-consuls, kings and princes, emperors and empires. The National Road was designed to meet the wants of a free and progressive people, and to aid in building up and strengthening a great and growing republic. The Appian Way had more vitality than the government that built it. It outlived its country. The National Road served its purpose grandly, was a complete success, the pride and glory of its day and generation, and when it lost its place as a national thoroughfare, the government that made it was all the stronger because it had been made. The average width of the Appian Way was from eighteen to twenty feet, so as to admit of two carriages passing each other, and the ex-

pense of constructing the first section of it was so great that it exhausted the public treasury of Rome. The National Road was sixty feet wide, and eight carriages could pass each other within its borders, while the cost of its construction, although a very large sum of money, made so light a draught upon the resources of the public treasury of the United States, in comparison with subsequent appropriations for other objects, as to be scarcely worthy of observation. The Appian Way derived its name from Appius, who was consul of Rome at the time of the undertaking. Its initial southern terminus was Capua, distant from Rome one hundred and twenty-five miles, very nearly the same as the distance from Cumberland to Wheeling. It was subsequently constructed as far as Beneventum, and ultimately to Brundisium, a seaport town of the Adriatic, distant from Rome three hundred and seventy-eight miles. We are informed by Anthon that the city of Beneventum derived great importance from its position on the Appian Way, and the same can be truthfully said of the towns and cities which were so fortunate as to be located on the National Road."

If Beneventum and Brundisium derived great



importance from the Appian Way, how about Kirkersville and Etna? Would the world ever have heard of either of them had it not been for the National Road? There are pretty strong reasons for believing that it never would, but it will not do to adopt a hasty conclusion. For fame, like the dew, falls widely, but it gathers and sparkles in glowing spheres on only a few leaves and little blades, and yet who knows how soon it will fall on Kirkersville? But however this may be, the old road and the little, quiet, dreaming towns will go down the stream of life together. It was built through them — both were laid out after it was located, and about the same time — in the years 1831, 1832, and 1833.

Brigadier-General Gratiot, the head of the Engineers Corps, had control and supervision of its construction under the War Department. There was a little town named after him, on the line of the road, about fifteen miles east of Kirkersville; its residents, and in fact all of us, called it "Grayshot." The young army officers with him — most of whom were graduates of West Point — were Captains Delafield, McKee, Bartlett, Hartzell, Mansfield, Bliss, Colquit, and Cass. Of these officers, Delafield was superintendent at West Point when I was there,

— a small man with gray reddish hair, heavy eyebrows, and a fierce eagle-like Roman nose. Bartlett was professor of philosophy, — a tall, spare man, his face a network of wrinkles, and his gray hair brushing upward in every direction; one of the few professors at West Point who ever had any friends among the cadets while I was there. I used to see him walking arm in arm under the drooping elms with Jefferson Davis, another man with a fine, spare face and manly bearing. They were old and dear cadet friends. That was in the summer and fall of 1859, and little did he, or his friend, or the cadets, dream of what lay ahead of us all in the next five years. Bartlett's son, William, was in my class; so was George, the son of McKee, who was killed at Buena Vista; and so was Samuel, the son of Mansfield, who was killed at Antietam. Hartzell was one of my mother's family. I have always felt that it was an interesting coincidence that sons of the officers who built the road before our door should have been my classmates, and that two of the officers themselves, Bartlett and Delafield, should be at the head of West Point when I reached there. In addition to all this, the name of the horse that I drew in my first year, and

that I rode in my last cavalry charge before I graduated, was "Pike," — a brown horse, named after the celebrated Zebulon Pike. He was a rangy, ewe-necked, high-headed, big-footed brute, and could not run very fast, but could sail over ditches like a bird.

As soon as the road was located, the land all along it was rushed into the market in lots to suit purchasers. Some bought whole sections, others a few acres, and with almost magical speed the woods were peopled. The building of the road itself gave employment for many men and teams, as all the stone for the bridges and for macadamizing had to be hauled from quarries eight and ten miles distant. It must have been a busy scene, as the road made its way between Kirkersville and Etna. The axemen went first, cutting a swath eighty feet wide through the timber; others, as fast as the trees fell, cut them into logs which teams dragged off to one side. Men then grubbed around the huge stumps till they could be pried up, when they followed their magnificent trunks, to rot under the shade of their more fortunate fellows. Then came ploughs and scrapers, till the grading was done. Hundreds of men found employment, and under their labor the road almost

walked across the land. Often when we boys could get our mother into a reminiscent mood (how provoking aged people are who have had thrilling experiences ; and sailors and soldiers, too, who have seen real war and have behaved with courage, — how provoking they all are to children in letting go only little dribblets of what is so interesting in their lives!), when we could induce the dear old lady to tell about those days, how delightful was her story ! She would tell us how the camp-fires of the workmen lighted up the night all along the line ; about the bustle, the teams coming and going, and on Sundays the drunken carousals and rioting ; and finally the awful death of so many of them by the scourge of cholera which swept the entire country. Well, we never wanted to hear much about the funeral processions that were remembered so distinctly, while our mother never remembered half enough about the fights to suit us.

As fast as the road was completed the stream of emigrants — we called them “ movers ” — began, which, for over thirty years, poured along it. My remembrance begins about 1845 or 1846, and at that time and till 1852 the stream that had set in in 1830 poured on.

I do not believe that from the last of March till the snow began to fall, a farmer's boy ever looked off from the fields to the road that his eye did not fall on the white canvas-covered wagons of the movers. I remember them almost with tenderness; for how often with the listlessness of childhood did I sit by the roadside or on the doorstep and watch them file by. The head of the house, or one of the grown-up boys, drove the team, the women and children walking sometimes ahead and sometimes behind the wagons, sometimes driving a few cows and small herds of sheep; sometimes a pen of fowls swung under the hind axle, and often whole families would sing light-heartedly. At night they camped in the woods or by the roadside, and when morning broke they were astir and soon gone. Here and there in the procession were parties on horseback; in autumn the riders always had their legs wrapped with a strip of green baize, securely tied with a red tape, to protect their trousers. Then along would come heavily loaded freighting wagons, with four or six horses, many of the teams with bells suspended from an iron arch resting on the hames, — the sweet jingling of the bells at each step of the powerful horses gave the team

and the driver a high place in our eyes, and the bells sound sweetly now across all the years. And then would appear the stages at a swinging trot, full inside and out with passengers, the driver holding the reins proudly over four horses which dashed on with open nostrils, as if each one knew he was carrying the United States mail. There were roan teams, bays, blacks, chestnuts, and grays. I remember one roan team especially, for more than once I saw the great leader—he was then and is now my ideal horse—with a long streamer from his hames, indicating that Mr. Clay, or Mr. Benton, or President Polk, or some other great man was on board. And as for the driver, I honestly believe that had the choice been given me, or any other small boy, between taking his place and that of the President, we would not have hesitated a moment,—the driver was the greatest, the most envied man in the world. I always thought that even my father felt deeply honored when any one of them—he knew them all—would call out bluffly, “Good-morning, Squire,” or give a little friendly wave of his whip. It is needless to say that this same whip was let fly more than once at the squire’s boys when caught tagging on behind. These drivers were, as a

rule, middle-aged, imposing, silent, red-faced men; wind and storm (and possibly now and then a little brandy lent its kindling touch) had wrought warmth of color into their rugged faces. They generally wore caps and yellow buckskin gloves; in winter a buffalo robe was closely wrapped around their knees.

There was the night Boston mail, the St. Louis, the Southwestern, the Great Eastern, and the Great Western mails. The latter left Washington at 9 P. M. and Baltimore at 7 P. M. — reached Wheeling in thirty hours, Columbus in forty-five and one half, Indianapolis in sixty-five and one half, Vandalia eighty-five and one half, St. Louis in ninety-four hours. It left Wheeling in the early morning, and passed our house with almost the regularity of a clock about 3 A. M. the following morning, arriving at Columbus at 5 A. M.

On one occasion — it was a dark, misty February or March night — the family was aroused by loud calls. The stage had upset near by, midway between the milestone and the bridge over the little run that comes down out of the woods and then winds through the fields west of the barn. Of course it was a very exciting moment for us boys as we hurried through

the darkness to the scene. The passengers and horses were gathered on the road, the stage lay helpless on its side down at the foot of the slope, which it had reached after rolling over several times, for there is quite a fill at this point. Everybody had been well shaken up, and several people were almost killed, who in due time were carried to our house. It seems, so at least the driver said, that something broke, and away went the leaders in a dead run, unmanageable, and the first the passengers knew, over went the stage. Among those on top was a little, narrow-chested man on whom a big one had fallen, and when we got there the poor little man was bleeding at the mouth, a picture of the hardest luck. The driver, for once, became voluble, but his language was chiefly addressed to the off leader, and I am inclined to believe that the recording angel had a very busy hour that morning. All along the road those leaders attained great notoriety as the runaway team, and we boys were ready to bet that they would do it again.

A time-table of 1835-36 for the winter arrangement announces:—

“The Mail Pilot Line leaves Columbus for Wheeling daily at 6 A. M., reaching Zanesville



at 1 P. M. and Wheeling at 6 A. M. next morning.

“The Good Intent Line leaves Columbus for Wheeling daily at 6 P. M., through in 20 hours to Wheeling (127 miles), in time for stages for Baltimore and Philadelphia.”

Then there was the Defiance fast line from Wheeling to Cincinnati, run by Weaver and Company, G. W. Manypenny and John Yontz. Both the latter were friends of my father. But one of the largest and strongest of the stage lines was that of Neil and Company, — “Bill” Neil as he was known familiarly from one end of the road to the other. The Neil House in Columbus is named for him; and he was the father-in-law of Governor Dennison, whose son, Neil Dennison, was an officer in the regular army; an attractive, handsome, gallant fellow, with whom I passed many a happy hour in the Army of the Potomac when that intrepid old army was encamped on the banks of the Rapidan.

There was another feature in the life of this old road which no boy who was reared beside it will ever forget, and that was the great droves of cattle, hogs, sheep, horses, and mules that were driven over it on their way to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and Philadelphia markets. The

cattle made about fourteen miles, the horses and mules something over twenty, the sheep between ten and fifteen, and the hogs rarely over seven a day. Before the latter a man walked scattering from time to time shelled corn to bait them along; the mules were always loose, following some motherly old mare usually ridden by a boy. The horses were tied by halters, in pairs, to a rope running from the axle of a buggy back to another buggy in the rear. Turkeys also were driven along in good-sized flocks.

There was a toll-gate about every fifteen or twenty miles, — low small houses built by the government. One was a mile west of Etna, and was kept by Edward Thomas and afterwards by Daniel Winter. The rates in 1845 were:—

	Cents.
Hogs and sheep by the score . . . .	5 and 10
Cattle . . . . .	20
Horses or mules led or driven . . . .	3
Horse and rider . . . . .	5
Every sled or sleigh, one horse . . . .	5
Every dearborn, sulky, chair, or chaise .	10
Every chariot, coach, coachee horses . .	18 $\frac{3}{4}$
Every vehicle tire under 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches . .	10
Every vehicle tire under 4 inches . . .	
Every horse drawing same . . . . .	5
Wheels exceeding 4 . . . . .	4
Every person occupying seat in mail stage	2

No toll was charged for "persons going to or returning from public worship, muster, common place of business on farm, woodland, funeral, mill, place of election, common place of trading or marketing within the county in which they reside. This included persons, wagons, carriages, and horses or oxen drawing the same. No toll was charged school children or clergymen, or for passage of stage and horses carrying United States mail, or any wagon or carriage laden with United States property, or cavalry, troops, arms, or military stores of the United States, or any single state, or for persons on duty in the military service of the United States or of the militia of any single state."

Every mile there were milestones of cut sandstone which bore, in black letters, Columbus so many miles, Zanesville, Wheeling, and Cumberland so many miles. There was a fine for defacing them, but every schoolboy made them a target, and whenever a boy wanted to be especially mean he would threaten to tell the teacher that the other fellow had hit the milestone, and that always brought up visions of being carried to jail in Newark or Columbus.

From the Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, who was on his way to Cincinnati to lay the

corner stone of the Astronomical Society building, we extract the following : —

“ Nov. 4, 1843, eight miles from Hebron we came to Kirkersville, where we dined, and, just as we were sitting down, in came Mr. William Greene, one of the committee of three sent by the Astronomical Society to Cleveland to accompany me to Cincinnati. They arrived at Cleveland Wednesday evening after we had left that place. They returned by land to Columbus where Mr. Greene came out with a somewhat more representative stage coach to meet us. To this we were transferred and in it we made our entry into Columbus about four in the afternoon.”

What would I not give to witness once more the arrival of the stage at “ Kirk ” ! Lo ! the vanished Past is beckoning, and behold, I am on the broad porch of the old Kirkersville tavern, and I hear the rumble of a stage coming through the covered bridge at the east end of the town. There the horn blows and it is coming at a round gait. The seats on top are full, and a young lad, one about my own age, sits up there, on easy terms with his elders. What a fortunate boy ! It is the great southwestern mail. A fresh, glistening team — the

big roans — emerges from the wide-open door of the old, low, whitewashed, broad-fronted tavern barn, and steps grandly forward, ready to replace the incoming team. The usual crowd of stable boys and idle loungers are standing around ; townspeople and those who have come in to trade gather also, for the arrival of the stage is the one important event in the life of Kirkersville. Uncle Davy Neiswonder, a middle-sized man with rubicund, attractive countenance, his hair as white as snow, contrasting well with his rosy cheeks, appears, hat in hand, to welcome the guests or exchange greetings with the passengers. The stage rolls up at a swinging trot, the driver, Frank Jackson, grim and dignified, draws up his leaders ; their breasts are white with foam from champing bits, and from their panting sides perspiration rises in feathery steam ; he throws down the lines, stable boys fly to unhitch, the bay team moves off proudly, the fresh relay team wheels into their places, the lines are tossed up to the driver, who gathers them and calls out, "Let them go ;" and the superb roan leaders, that have been prancing, waiting for the word, dash off.

Had I been on the porch in August, 1848, I might have seen a tall, plaintive-faced man

among the passengers, one of the members of the House of Representatives going home from Washington at the end of the first session of the Thirtieth Congress; and when he visited the Army of the Potomac, after the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, I might have recognized Abraham Lincoln.

I never go home without taking long walks along this old road. In some ways it is melancholy enough; the woods are gone and the friends of my youth are gone, but whether I go east or go west, the old road with a saddened smile greets me, for it knows that I remember its vanished greatness and love it still.

## CHAPTER VI

WHEN I was a boy three fourths of Etna Township was covered by a noble primeval forest. And now, as I recall the stately grandeur of the red and white oaks, many of them six feet and more in diameter, towering up royally fifty and sixty feet without a limb; the shellbark hickories and the glowing maples, both with tops far aloft; the mild and moss-covered ash trees, some of them over four feet through; the elms and sturdy beeches, the great black walnuts and the ghostly-robed sycamores, huge in limb and body, along the creek bottoms, I consider it fortunate that I was reared among them and walked beneath them. I have been through some of the famous parks in England, yet the English oaks, deprived of their magnifying historic and poetic associations, look puny when compared with those of my quiet old town. Nature has many moods, but she was in her grandest when she ordered the woods of Ohio to rise up. Manasseh Cutler, in his description of Ohio, 1787,

says: "General Parsons measured a black walnut tree near the Muskingum whose circumference at five feet from the ground was 22 feet. A sycamore near the same place measured 44 feet in circumference at some distance from the ground."

It may be said that the prevailing timber was beech, the trees being from twenty to thirty-six inches in diameter; but maples equally as large, and some taller than the beech, were very common. The black walnut, now so rare and valuable, was so plentiful where my cousins, the Housers, settled that the neighborhood was known as the Black Walnut section. Most of those great trees were cut down and split into rails. Here and there through the woods were gums whose waxy leaves caught the first blaze of autumn. Scattered everywhere through the timber were patches of pawpaws, and now and then a little group of wild plums, the most untamable of all trees. They have long since disappeared. Among the other small trees was the dogwood, and a prettier sight than one of them in full bloom nowhere greets the eye; and I think Nature's yearning for beauty must have been realized in the blooming of the dogwood and the hawthorn. Then



there was the ironwood, out of which were made wedges, called gluts, for splitting ash and walnut, red elm and wild cherry into rails for fencing. Besides the trees already mentioned there were lins, or lindens, whose wood was used for sugar troughs to catch the maple sap, and their bark for tying the shocks after the corn was husked. When they were in bloom, they hummed with wild bees as the linden trees along our sidewalks do now with tame ones. And here I may say that there may have been many wild bee trees, but only a few of them were found when I was a boy. The only one I ever saw cut down was a large oak that stood between the Pike and Bloody Run, only a little northward from where my brother Franklin's house stands on the Mellenburg farm. When it fell, smashing its way down through the trees to its fate, the upper trunk burst asunder, displaying a lot of old, blackened comb, over which the remnant of a starving swarm crawled decrepitly, beating their wings in distress. It was truly the last hard blow of Fortune. There was scarcely a teacupful of the laboriously earned honey left in all their princely storehouse.

The buckeye was common, the mulberry was

rare; there were one or two of the latter on the edge of the Black Walnut section, and several north of Etna, standing in an open field, the spared monuments of their race. The honey-locust was not very numerous, but its thorns were very useful to many a pioneer instead of pins and buttons. There were water beeches, now and then an aspen, and, in the western part of the town, here and there a poplar, but all comparatively rare. On the banks of all the runs, the borders of the swamps, and along the creek were intermingling families of willows and bushes of all kinds, the haunts of tuneful catbirds and proud cardinals. There was one little bush, known as the spice bush, which I have never met with elsewhere, whose twigs and leaves I used to nip off and chew when wandering through the woods. This little, wide-branching bush — its limbs were feebly slender — grew about five feet high and only on damp and heavily shaded ground. It bloomed early in the spring with a small yellow flower. The only ones I ever saw, although I am sure it was to be found all over the town, were up near the head of the little run that rises in the Keller woods, and which, after loitering along as if it did not want to leave its

playground beneath the big oaks and beeches, comes out smiling at last into the open fields of my old homestead. (When I was a little fellow I used to dam this brook near the orchard and set a cornstalk water-wheel agoing.) The haw, another most interesting bush, was to be met with now and then. And where do red, pink, black, and ivory white—you will find all of these colors in the same umbel of fruit—mingle with such harmony? But every little bush knows how to dress for the glory of the seasons.

There are woods of primeval trees still left, chiefly beech and maple, but they are all slowly dying. The way that majestic forest was sacrificed is painful to recall. As an example of its slaughter, the largest red oak on our farm was cut down for shingles when the new barn was built. This monarch—it was almost seven feet in diameter—carried its top over all around it. It stood up in the woods not a great way from the little brook I have mentioned, and when it fell the ground trembled, if it did not groan. As an illustration of the utter waste of primeval timber, when a little boy I accompanied my father and several men to gather hickory nuts somewhere between Etna

and Cumberland, or rather Wagram, as it is called now. Not finding as many as they hoped under a group of four or five trees, permission was asked to cut down the largest one, at least three feet in diameter, which was readily granted as the owner wanted it for rails. I saw it tremble under the last fatal stroke — down it came with a tremendous crash. A great tree whose life spanned centuries, whose very presence had a royal dignity appealing to every high sentiment sacrificed for a half bushel of hickory nuts !

Save now and then a thicket of leafy young oaks and beeches, the woods were open and free. The views off through them over the carpet of dead leaves, lit up here and there with a splash of sunshine, and now and then some bush in bloom ; the grand uplifting trunks silent, and yet every one speaking ; the fallen trees lying mute, some this way and some that, the moss weaving their last shroud ; the wind traveling through the high tops, and now and then breaking into a sigh ; the squirrels, some frisking, some sitting up on limbs with their tails proudly arched over their backs and barking huskily in complaining tones ; the birds, some like the woodpeckers chattering at their labor,

and now and then a sudden flash of living color as a jay bird or a redbird came by, now and then a faint parting trill, the falling nuts, and the evoking silence as the leaves came down, — all these were given to me to enjoy again and again in the primeval woods of Ohio. I wish there was some way that a just idea could be transferred to this page of the splendor of those woods, when on every hand there rose those stately oaks, ash, sycamores, and black walnuts, all lifting their heads like kings far up into the sky to greet sun and moon and stars.

Along the runs there flowered in spring, as I dare say they flower now, violets, blue and yellow. And among the warm brown leaves of the woods spring beauties followed with their faint, pleading, little pink tracing; hepaticas, — we called it liverwort, — colonies of dogtooth violets, plantations of May apples, little clumps of Dutchman's breeches, the pure short-lived blood-root, the friendship-encouraging anemones with their childlike, surprised air, and many other wild flowers, bloomed everywhere through the woods. Later in the season, along the creek, the elecampane threw out its open, flaring, golden-yellow flowers, and alongside of them were many strong, tall ironweeds carrying a

small, odorless, deep blue flower. On the edges of the Beaver Dam and other marshes the iris and cardinal flower bloomed. The former we always called the blue flag, the latter, autumn's first torch. Blackberries and elderberries were abundant, while here and there in the thickets were wild grapes, whose perfume at blooming is very sweet.

## CHAPTER VII

ALL the noble game, beaver, buffalo, elk, bear, and deer, had disappeared before my time, and probably in the order they are mentioned. In the early days, say from 1775 to 1800, buffalo ranged widely over Ohio and well up into the Alleghany Mountains of Virginia, as is well established by the diary of Croghan and the following extract from Washington's Journal of a tour to the Ohio in 1770: "Nov. 2" — the party was then camped near the mouth of the Big Kenhawa — "Killed five buffaloes and wounded some others, three deer, etc. This country abounds in buffaloes and wild game of all kinds; as also in all kinds of wild fowl, there being in the bottoms a great many small, grassy ponds or lakes which are full of swans, geese, and ducks of different kinds." According to Dr. Hildreth, an historian of Marietta, "Two buffalo were killed in the sandy forks of Symme's Creek, near the southwestern corner of Jackson County, in the year 1800, which are the last that have been heard of in this

state." One was killed in the Kenhawa region of West Virginia as late as 1835.

Elk, too, in great numbers roamed the woods, and were killed as late as 1838 in Ashtabula County. When I was a boy I used to hear some of the pioneers express their wonder as to what became of the great antlers that the elk shed yearly, for they never found any of them. The reason they did not find them, I think I discovered while hunting in that wild country which lies between the Big Black River and the Mississippi, west of New Madrid, in Missouri. There I found one of a pair of deer antlers—of great breadth, carrying seven or eight prongs—near a large fallen tree; the bone was gnawed to a thin shell in places by wood mice, and the sharp marks of their little bladed teeth were so fresh that they might have been at it when they heard my approach.

Black bear followed the doom of the elk in a short time, but deer were common even when my parents moved into the township. My mother once saw five of them cross the road just west of their cabin; all were headed north. Near the little run, so often mentioned, and near where it comes out of the woods, a doe's head was ploughed up when I was a boy, and



what was very singular, the hair was still on it as if it had been buried only a few years, while, in fact, at least twenty-five or thirty years must have gone by since the doe fell. The ground where it lay had just been cleared of a thicket, and my theory of its preservation is, that some frontiersman, perhaps the one who built the Longbrake cabin, — the homestead was known as the Longbrake farm before it came into my father's hands, — that was in the same field a few hundred yards to the eastward, had killed the deer, and that his dog carried off the head and buried it for a future meal, and forgot his *cache*.

Wild turkeys, the most royal of all the feathered game, were very plentiful when our people moved into Ohio; they were everywhere through the open woods, and their gobbling the pioneers heard every spring morning. Washington in his journal, already quoted, says, "The wild turkies were innumerable." My father found one of their nests in the Marshall woods, not a third of a mile from the house, and put the eggs under a tame turkey. The brood grew up, but were always half wild, and when the next spring came, there came with it a longing for the woods, so, when they

heard their fellows, they joined them. The first one I remember to have seen was while hunting for our cows. At this period all the cattle, sheep, and hogs ran in the woods from early spring until the snow fell. And at this point, as well as anywhere, I may say that, when the last of them came home, not infrequently there would be strays among them whose owners would never be known. As a rule, it is true, the stock were all marked by mutilating the ears, each farmer having his own mark, which in the early days had to be recorded. Ours consisted of a hole about half an inch in diameter in the left ear and a crop of the right. There were all sorts of marks, some consisting only of a hole in one ear, some of a hole in each ear, some of one or more underbits (a V-shaped excision on the under side of the ear), some of a hole and an underbit. These were in all sorts of combinations. Both ears clipped was known as the rogue's or rascal's mark, for, of course, the one who used it could efface all the other marks and still be within the law. These strays, owing to the open character of the woods, often got far away from home ; bulls were known to wander for miles, and one of our steers was traced beyond Poplar Creek in Fairfield County.

The milch cows usually came home, but after the calves were weaned they sometimes failed to do so, and then some one had to go to look for them. On the occasion referred to, I was allowed to go with my older brother, Isaac, to find them. It was a great privilege. Together we struck off into the big woods which stretched from the Pike to Licking Creek; these were known as the Atkinson Woods. It was my first journey into the heart of this big timber. The hickory and beech nuts and acorns were falling, the woodpeckers and squirrels were busy laying up their winter store, or playing from tree to tree; the sunshine sifted down, setting the woods a-dreaming. The expectancy, the halting now and then to listen for the "kling-klung" of the cow bell, the sense of being away off where everything was wild, had a glory and splendor about it beyond speech; it was fine, and as exhilarating as champagne. Suddenly Isaac stopped, exclaiming, "Look at that wild turkey!" And there on the other side of an open swale, overgrown with yellow sedge, and close by a large oak, stood a wild gobbler with head upstretched, as much surprised as we were. He gave us but one glance, and then broke with the speed of a race-horse. I saw

the beautiful iridescent glitter on his neck, which fades out so quickly after they are killed. I have seen it begin to pale within a half hour after they are shot.

We heard bells and found cattle, but did not find ours; they came home themselves, late in the afternoon, their legs covered with swamp mud, so that we concluded they had wandered in the swamp toward the head of Hunter's Run. Later I saw a flock of wild turkeys near the head of this Run, on what was known as the Yeoman Farm. The last of this wildest and best of our game birds was killed in Bloody Run swamp as late as 1853 or 1854.

Another bird has long since disappeared that, like the wild turkey, loved the freedom of the wilderness; this was the log cock or pileated woodpecker, a most interesting, beautiful, and naturally very wild bird. His family was not large, rarely more than two ever seen together, and when the woods began to go he, like a true frontiersman, left also. But while he was there he was never idle for a moment, and his chattering could be heard at intervals from daylight till dark. One of his amusements was to mount up to the top of some lofty elm, or ash, or sycamore, that had a hollow, dead limb, and then

break the silence by hammering on it with his powerful bill. The last one I saw was dangling from the hand of Isaac Winter, who had shot him in the woods, north of where Hunter's Run crosses the Pike.

Squirrels, black, gray, and flying, were in every wood, but the latter were not so common as the others, and no one ever harmed the little creatures. A black or gray squirrel running on an old log or on the top rail of a Virginia fence is a fine dream breaker. Raccoons and opossums were numerous, while along Bloody Run and Licking muskrats abounded. Mink were to be found in every run and swamp, and otter tracks were often seen in the snow as they crossed to and from the Reservoir to the creek. Gray foxes had disappeared, but red foxes we used to hunt on horseback with packs of hounds, the Millers, Charles, Kellers, Morrows, Cunninghams, and Whites making up the hunt. The practice I then got in jumping ditches, logs, and fences stood me in good stead at West Point when I had to take hurdles and ditches in the cavalry drill. Many of the foxes we started on Licking led off to the Granville Hills, and gave us more than one long run up around the head of Grass Lick. All

the song birds of that latitude were to be heard in Etna, and I wish I could give the names of every one of them, from the sweet little warblers, whose breasts are not as large as the ball of a farmer's thumb although their little throats can fill his blooming orchard or the thicket near his garden with a stream of heavenly melody, up to the gifted thrushes, whose clear, wide-reaching, impelling notes ring down the evening over his blading corn, the shocked wheat, and the thistle-dotted pasture. I say I would like to mention them all, for how many a time did they, from patches of willow and fence corners overgrown with bushes of one kind and another, lighten what seemed then such a hard life, and what seems now the happiest and most fortunate of all lives!

There is one, however, that I must mention, and that is the redbird, the cardinal, who received his cap long before St. Peter threw a fish-net into the Sea of Galilee. They used to build all along Bloody Run and flash from thicket to thicket. But it is not his color I remember; it was that bold, defiant song of "Cass Ward! Cass Ward! Sit down! Sit down! Sit down!" The last three notes were repeated in quick succession. When he mounted a beech

tree and sang, you knew spring was not far off.

Then there was the little pewee that used to build under the bridges of the National Road. Nature had given it no plume, or voice for that matter, and yet its unaffected, tremulous notes of "Pee-wee, Pee-wee" were sweet to hear, and, as I recall them now, they bring back spring sunlight glittering on the runs, and the grass in its early green.

Killdees appeared about corn-planting time and nested in the fields, diverting many a tired and hungry boy, as he hoed or ploughed corn, by flying ahead and around him repeating their shrill note of "Killdee, Killdee." Nature must have been fond of the killdee, for his disguise is so perfect that unless you see where he lights you cannot distinguish him among the clods; and when you discover him, he has such a sly, provoking way of watching you, with his head stretched out near the ground and so absolutely motionless that one always feels like throwing a stone at him. He has a black ribbon around the base of his neck and little bands of mottled white on the under side of his wings, which, as in all the plovers, were light and broad. Turtle-doves, those most

unobtrusive and gentlest of birds, crooned sweetly, but rather mournfully, on every farm. I never knew one of them to be shot. Quails — we generally called them partridges — and larks, and sparrows of all kinds, made every wheat-field and every meadow joyous. What a comfortable fellow the Bob White is, as he rings out his clear whistle, seated on the top rail of a fence with a meadow on one side of him, waving its clover and daisies and tall timothy, while on the other, down among the wheat or rye with bearded heads bending under the weight of the ripening grain, sits his mate. Later, he and she will lead the brood among the stubble, picking up the seeds that have fallen. And then the meadow lark! What a voice! — one that seems to be drawn from the blue upper sky! And how richly he protests when you approach his nest! Many a time in harvesting have I seen the grass left around his nest. I trapped a great many quails, and many a muskrat I caught in Bloody Run.

Wild ducks, mallards, the shy pintails, and the little soft-voiced blue-winged teal were to be found every spring along the creek and in the large ponds, but they only stayed with us a few days when they bore off to the north.



The wood duck, that brilliantly feathered gem, nested in the hollows of leaning trees on the banks of the creek that then flowed through primeval timber from Moon's sawmill up in Lima Township, with only now and then a clearing till it crossed the Pike near Luray, a distance as it wound of at least fifteen miles. They were also in the swamps at the head of Bloody Run. Wild geese came and went with the seasons, wintering, when our people first went to Ohio, on the Scioto and at the Reservoir. Now they travel across the Alleghanies to Currituck and Albemarle sounds. Blue cranes could be seen almost daily, flying high, following the course of Licking. It was said they nested about the swamp. The small heron was not uncommon, while hawks of all kinds, from the broadest winged down to the little chattering pigeon hawk, were very common. Hoot owls called to each other from wood to wood as soon as night was fully on, and the little pitiful shivering-voiced screech owl was often heard on starry autumn nights. There were no pheasants in Etna when I was a boy. Nor do I remember to have ever seen an eagle, although they may have been there. Arctic owls and the snow-bunting would sometimes be driven down

to us from the north. The latter would feed around the haystacks and on the seed of the ragweed where its top lifted above the snow. Apropos of this pretty inhabitant of the north, which we always pitied for his hard lot amid the bleak region of snow and ice, the following extract from the Second Annual Report of the Geology of Ohio, printed in 1838, may be interesting: "A late voyager gives an account of his having examined a burial crib containing the body of a dead infant, deposited, according to the customs of some of the Northern Indians. A white snow-bird had constructed her nest on the neck of the corpse and was quietly sitting on her eggs. No one who has read that account can see this delicate-looking bird shivering in our winter blast without bringing the impressive incident to mind."

The common snow-bird slept in the hay and straw stacks, and it was great fun for us boys as we played "wolf" in the twilight around those stacks, to see the little fellows scurry out of their warm beds and disappear in the darkness; but I am sure they were back and asleep before their disturbers had gone to bed.

Blackbirds, the red-winged as well as his larger but plainer brother, were very numerous.

They nested in the swamp and in tussocky marshes and roosted after their young were reared in Bloody Run swamp. When the corn was in the roasting-ear stage — and a prettier sight than a field of tasseled corn with its graceful, streaming, bending blades, it is hard to find — the blackbirds would gather, I might say, in thousands, and, stripping the husk at the end of the ear, feed on the milky corn, meanwhile chirking as though it were their own field and not the farmer's.

The barn swallow that builds under the eaves did not come north of the Ohio till after 1815, and appeared in Licking County about the time I was born.

But the game bird that overshadowed all others in its numbers, and left the greatest gap by its sudden and, I fear, complete destruction, was the wild pigeon. The fate of this strong-winged, far-ranging, and tameless bird is pathetic. They are all gone. Once they darkened the sky. Millions of them flew over Etna Township as they traveled to and from their feeding ground to their roost in Bloody Run swamp. The head of this swamp, now practically all cleared fields, when I was a boy was about a half mile east of Kirkersville and

reached to the old bed of Licking Creek, a distance of two and a half miles. It was about a half mile wide and was a thickly matted growth of willows, young elms, water beeches and alders. In the middle were several islands covered with big timber where the last of the wild turkeys roosted. Except in winter, when it was frozen over, it was difficult, and when the Bloody Run was high, it was dangerous to penetrate it, so deep and treacherous was the mud. I have no doubt that it was made originally by beavers damming Bloody Run, and later widely extended by the accumulation of heavy drifts in Licking.

Christopher Gist, the first white man, except captives among the Indians, passed by the swamp in 1751. In his diary he says he camped at the Big Lake, now the Reservoir, and on the 15th of May "set out from the Great Swamp." In 1773 David Jones, a roving Baptist preacher, with a trader named Duncan, went from Lancaster, then called Standing Rock, by the "Great Swamp," or "Big Lake," as the Indians called it.

The pigeons set toward the roost about an hour before sundown, often lighting in the intermediate timber for a while, and then passed

on in a broad stream as far as the eye could reach. After arriving at the swamp they circled round and round till dark, when they settled down, covering every limb and twig. I never went there but once, and then in company with some of the farm hands. It was late autumn, and a fleet of heavy clouds was sailing across a full moon. We entered it from the north side, about opposite the big island. The party was equipped with single-barrel shot-guns and old percussion muskets, with the barrels cut off to shot-gun lengths. We all went in together, but not more than a few rods, when the men began to shoot. The birds would rise in throngs, with thundering noise, but would soon come back, for there were hunters, apparently, all along the margins of the swamp, and the firing was like that of a closely engaged skirmish line. When the pigeons returned they would light all over and around us, and no aim was necessary, or possible, for that matter. We carried away two large three-bushel bags full by nine o'clock, and doubtless did not get one half of what we killed. The owls and minks that infested the swamp lived on what we left. By ten o'clock the firing ceased, and the poor creatures could then find peace for the rest of the night.

Captain James Stone, one of Licking's best citizens, and one of my father's closest friends, who settled near there in 1815, or perhaps earlier, told me that when he was a boy they killed all they wanted by waving back and forth a long, slender pole, heeled in the ground near the edge of the swamp, as the birds came in to the roost. At that time they flew directly into the swamp, and did not circle over it, as in my day, up out of range of shot-guns.

The pigeons left the swamp about daylight in vast columns several miles in length, and would fly off to their various feeding grounds, distant from one to over two hundred miles. Those going west, after clearing the swamp, moved up Bloody Run, and, obliquing to the left, followed the woods that reached in almost unbroken stretches along the south line of the township to the bank of Black Lick, south of Reynoldsburgh; or they would cross the Pike about a mile east of Kirkersville, and follow the creek, which was lined with timber. They flew well up above the tops of the trees. When migrating long distances they flew very high. When I was stationed at Rock Island Arsenal in 1870, they crossed, going northwest in broken droves, and were up almost to the

level of sand hill cranes, which, as is well known, lift higher than any other bird in migrating.

They fed all through the beech woods, and it was most interesting to see them feeding. If they were approaching, there would be the appearance of a blue wave four or five feet high rolling toward you, produced by the pigeons in the rear flying to the front. When startled while feeding, their sudden rise would sound like rumbling thunder. The last time they nested in Licking was about 1845 or 1846. I fix that date, for my visit to their nesting grounds in the big woods with my father is about my first remembrance. The woods covered about all the country between the creek and what is now the town of Jersey. The nests were constructed of small twigs laid up loosely and very carelessly, apparently ; and yet I used to see the remains of some of them when fox-hunting through these woods, eleven or twelve years after they were made.

If there were no beechnuts, the wild pigeons did not appear ; but let there be some, then first a few in little flocks of a dozen or more would be seen flying about, which, I am sure, were scouting parties ; and soon after they had reported back, on came the vast army from we

knew not where. If the snow fell, covering the leaves for some time, they went beyond the reach of snow. When the beechnuts were all gone, they frequently came into the fields for grass seed, and then was the boys' chance to trap them; for, once they found wheat or any kind of grain there, they would come day after day.

I had many a close view of them, for I trapped a great many and kept them in pens, sometimes a hundred or more. No bird ever had a bolder, more unflinching eye. He was beautiful. And here let me say that I doubt if there be any pleasure in life equal to that which attends the making, setting, and visiting of traps. The zeal and intentness of a boy laying up the laths of a bird trap, or sawing and nailing boards into a box trap for muskrats, whittling out the triggers, carrying off the trap and setting it, scattering corn or oats or buckwheat, are the very acme of boyhood life. And then the first visit! How his heart beats when his eyes fall upon it and he sees it is down, and when, running up, as he will mighty fast, he hears the quail or pigeons fluttering! Manhood has nothing that gives so keen a pleasure. I had a good share of it, and I hope



every little fellow in Etna, or the boy, wherever he lives, who sets a trap in some rabbit hamlet, or the edge of a cornfield for quail, will have good luck.

From 1860 to 1870 the destruction of the wild pigeons went on at an astounding and deplorable rate, chiefly by netting; and by 1880 they had almost disappeared. Little flocks were seen scattered here and there over the country, some even as far east as Berkshire County, Massachusetts, where, as late as 1878, I saw them myself. But since then I doubt if one has been seen this side of the Alleghanies, and perhaps not one in Licking. Their sudden disappearance started the inquiry everywhere over the West, as to what had become of them and where had they gone. No one could answer it. The Geological Survey of Canada, vol. vii, 1895, reports the finding of wild pigeon eggs at Fort George in 1887. Fort George is at the mouth of Big River, which flows into James Bay from the east, rising among the bleak and almost treeless and frozen wastes of Labrador.

The last flock I saw was in the primeval woods of southeastern Missouri, near the Arkansas line, between the Black River and the

Cache. It was in 1887 or 1888. I was hunting in this most fascinating of all wildernesses, about two miles east of Gillis Bluff on the Big Black, where we camped. While seated on a fallen tree, quietly interested in the life of such a solitude, suddenly a flock of perhaps seventy-five or a hundred lit near by, and soon were down picking up the little acorns of the water oak that grew in the swale. After they had filled their crops, they flew up, and, bunching their heads on their breasts, dozed, apparently, until something startled them, when, with their old-time speed, they disappeared among the treetops. Thus, away on the sunk lands of the Lake St. Francis country, I saw for the last time the bird I had known so long, and whose numbers had been the wondering amazement of my boyhood. Had any one standing under a broad flight in 1850 predicted that in less than fifty years not one would be left, he would have been set down as a dismal crank. But so it is; and now with the fate of the wild pigeon in view, we are compelled to believe that the doom of the wild turkey, swan, woodcock, the upland plover, the most innocent of all birds, is sealed. In the light of this slowly approaching calamity, a hunter who comes in with more

than two of any of our game birds should be looked on with aversion.

While the hunting was of the very best, yet the fishing was about as poor as it could be, and what there was of it, and the way it was done, would, I fear, be scorned by the modern, scientific, and costly equipped fisherman. What fishing there was, was wholly confined to the creek, at least for the small boys; the large boys and men went to the Reservoir six or eight miles away. But I have always thought we youngsters had the best of the sport. At any rate, there was a cheek-reddening pleasure in getting ready, digging the bait, etc., and then hurrying across the fields and through the woods to the creek. The best fishing was generally found at the big drifts which were caused by some old sycamore or buckeye or wide-limbed elm having fallen, spanning the stream from bank to bank. Against it would lodge all that floated down, — saw logs, fence rails, slabs, boards, sugar troughs, corn stalks, swamp grass, stumps, and brush, damming the water and always making a deep hole. With a pole we had cut in the thicket we would perch on the bank and, after expectorating duly on the bait, would throw in our lines and watch the big cork (usually

out of the family vinegar or, in some rare cases, I have reason to believe, whiskey jug). When the first nibble came (and what a pleasure it was to see the first little rippling wave!) we braced ourselves; our eyes, lit with excitement, fixed on the cork. "Keep still, boys, I've got a bite;" and when it started down — well, up it came with a mighty yank, and a little yellowish sunfish or a shiner dangled at the end of the line that generally caught in some limb away above our heads. Now and then we caught a catfish ten or twelve inches long, and with true fisherman's exaggeration, declared it pulled *mighty* hard. Sometimes our hooks, if we threw too near the drift, or some black, rooty stump, would get caught, and then there was lots of trouble till we got them released; or, as happened very often, our patience would become exhausted and we would jerk snappishly in our desperation, break our lines and lose our hooks, and then charge the "danged" turtles with our bad luck. Now there was n't a great deal of skill in this sort of fishing, but to sit there in the quiet highway of kingfishers, and now and then of a tall blue heron, catching a view of a pair of wild ducks from time to time, catbirds and redbirds singing in the blooming

wild grape vines all around you, — I say this was to taste the very elixir of life.

Suckers were very plentiful in the spring, and the boy who could snare them was looked up to as a chief among fishermen. Of course, there were dace and chubs and minnows of all kinds in the shallow quiet holes in the runs. My boyhood companion on fishing excursions to the creek was a schoolmate and friend, Jacob Winter; and many was the cloudless day we sat on the banks of the creek below Monett's sawmill, whose up and down saw, eating its way through oak and beech and black walnut, we could hear from time to time, our poles hanging listlessly over the deep hole, while above at the long riffle the water crinkled and flashed in the sunlight. We were a happy little pair. My partner fell gallantly in the Great Rebellion, somewhere on one of those terrible fields near Atlanta.

Among the natural features of Etna, probably the most interesting was the Beaver Dam on the Hefner, now the Essex farm adjoining the homestead. There may have been, and doubtless were, other beaver dams in the township, but I never saw or heard of any besides this one. It is at the west end of a sedgy marsh

about a quarter of a mile long and two or three hundred yards wide, covering perhaps between seven and ten acres. The dam itself was about three feet high and seventy-five feet long. In my day, and perhaps it is still visible, was another dam much smaller, not a great way to the west, where the little run falls rapidly through the woods to the creek.

The belt of woods that one enters in going from our home to the Beaver Dam extends east and west the entire length of the home farm, as well as a part of the neighboring farm to the west, now owned by Rudolph Parkinson, whom I remember as a little, smiling-faced schoolboy. All of the giant primeval timber, save here and there a big elm, is gone; but it offers beautiful open vistas, the ground undulating toward the dam. About midway of this belt you come to the old road which, as I have said elsewhere, is still easily traced, its old bed carpeted with leaves and delicate long-bladed grass, obstructed in places by trunks of fallen trees, overshadowed here and there by clumps of tall, leaning blackberry bushes and now and then a solitary pokeberry. All along it and through these woods is a great place for blood-root and spring beauties, with many a colony of

May apple. There were several shocky white thorns in the open, near the west end of the woods — and that reminds me that Whitehead, the little blotched-faced school teacher who used to whale us so unmercifully, lived somewhere north of the creek, and on coming to school crossed through these woods and selected his gads from these trees. As this is the last time I shall mention the little devil, I will say that I hope some of the sweet beauty of the blooming thorn may now embellish his world wherever he may be.

On the north side of the marsh, in my boyhood, was a stately battalion of primeval white oak, several ranks deep, and the ground beneath them covered with blue grass. The bark on these trees was the whitest I ever saw on an oak, and with a full moon throwing her spectral light on them, they looked like draped figures pondering over the silent marsh. I used to hunt coon all through these woods, and have looked at them and the old home of the beaver under all kinds of sky, in all seasons of the year, and almost every hour of day and night.

In my boyhood it was easy to see that if the beavers had raised their dam but a little above its then present height, the water would set

back through the woods till it struck the decline to Bloody Run. There are indications at the head of the marsh that this had occurred, and perhaps many a time. Beaver, otter, and mink coming up from the swamp, it is reasonable to believe, left Bloody Run about the point where this overflow entered, to cross over into the Beaver Dam swamp, and thence follow its water down into Licking.

The early settlers, after somebody had cut the dam and let the water off, discovered quite a layer of bog iron ore here and there over the pond, and made use of it for the backs and jambs of their fireplaces by cutting it into bricks twelve to fifteen inches long and six to eight inches broad. The fire in due time welded those bricks together, making the most satisfactory and durable of all fireplace lining. Ours in the old homestead was made of this ore.

I never heard from any of the first settlers whether there were beaver in the pond or not when they came to the country, but I am inclined to think they had disappeared with the Indians and perhaps sooner. For as soon as fire-arms were substituted for bows and arrows, and steel traps for simple wooden devices and dead falls, the destruction of game must have gone



on rapidly. The Indians, according to Smith's narrative of his captivity with Ohio tribes, had steel traps as early as 1755. Possibly, too, the beaver had exhausted all the wood supply and were forced to abandon the ground. There are no indications that soft wood such as they like, or poplar, birch, water ash, ever was abundant on the margin of this pond.

Often in rambling around this interesting old dam, or seated on a fallen tree overlooking it, — I never have gone home without paying it a visit, — I have pictured to myself as well as I could the conditions when it was covered with still water, and the beaver and wild ducks made it their home. I could see fawns playing under the oak trees; solitary elk and buffalo in the water up to their knees feeding, or drowsing, in the hazy sunlight of October, with now and then a blue jay throwing a beam of richest blue across a ripening haw; and from time to time could hear the dull thunder of pigeons rising, and now and then, too, the long plaintive howl of a wolf. As a rule, only the sweet freedom and peace of the wilderness come to us in such reveries in the woods; we do not think of this or that living creature; it is eternal life making its argument with consoling tenderness.

The last time I was there, the little field, on the north, between the marsh and the creek, was in corn, and over the ground I saw a good many spawls and some broken arrows of the flint, such as were used by the Indians; establishing beyond question that at least for a portion of the year this was a customary camping ground. The beaver on one hand, and not three hundred yards away the creek with its fish, must have made this a favorite spot. About a mile southeast of this camping ground, in one of the fields of the homestead, indicated on one of the maps with a little flag, there must have been another camping ground; for every time a plough turns a furrow it will uncover black, and white, and flesh-colored flint spawls and broken arrows; in the early days, the arrows were perfect. I can think of no reason for the selection of this spot for a home, for there were no ponds or runs beside it, — in fact, it was at about the very top of the highest ground, — unless it was for the walnuts that were to be had from some trees that stood near by. It must have been an open country, for, judging by the stumps, it was overtowered by mighty oaks, and perhaps offered the clear spaces required for their games. At any rate, on this long knoll their camp-fire smoke curled

and their children played. But large and beautiful arrows were to be found all over Etna, so that I am sure game was plenty and the Indians knew every foot of its gently rolling surface.

So far as I know there is but one prehistoric relic in the town, and that is in the Hampton woods, on the Fairfield line, and marked by a circle on the map. It is a small circular fort, with walls about three feet high and about thirty feet in diameter. In my day it was in the heart of heavy oak timber, just on the divide between the waters flowing north to the Licking valley and those bearing off to the southwest to find their way into Poplar Creek, and then on to the Scioto. It is easy to speculate over its location, and the reasons in the minds of its builders and defenders; but it has occurred to me that perhaps the mound builders of Circleville, on their way to the old fort at Newark, came up the Scioto to the mouth of Big Belly, thence up the Walnut to the mouth of Poplar Creek, which they followed in their canoes to the swamp at its head, within a few miles of this spot. Somewhere on their line of portage to Licking a defense of some kind may have been necessary, and maybe that was the reason for its location; or it may have been thrown up

during a campaign by some little body that found themselves in the presence of a large number of their enemies. However all this may be, there it stood, and time has in its keeping the fate of its builders.

## CHAPTER VIII

OUR post office after 1850 was Kirkersville (generally called "Kirk"); in its stores the family trading was done; our family physician lived there, Dr. Farrell, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with large, rather cowering, blue eyes, but a naturally happy nature; at its grist mill, owned by Captain Jim Stone, about all our flour and corn meal were ground, while all around it on the richest of farms, and amid plenty, lived our warm-hearted neighbors, the Stones, the DeWeeses, the Finkbones—Henry, Isaac, and John—the Jacksons, the Wells, the Gills—Nicholas and John—the Charles, Bucklands, Whites, Larrimores, Hewetts, Stoolfires, Cunninghams, Holmes, and many, many others.

I will confess, however,—notwithstanding the Muse of History is supposed to frown on all levity,—that I begin to write a sketch of Kirkersville with an involuntary smile. For, upon my honor, from the day I gave it as my address to the adjutant at West Point, up to this time, I have never mentioned it as my

birthplace that a smile has not gathered on the face of the person addressed. And generally, after a wondering look, the following question is put mildly and apologetically, "May I ask, General, where is Kirkersville?" sometimes with manifest surprise, "Where in the name of all that's holy is Kirkersville?" and sometimes with most deplorable profanity, "Well, Schaff, where in h—l is Kirkersville?" Is there anything unusual about the name, or is there something inherently humorous in it? I have long since given it up. My classmates after our furlough in 1860 were never tired of asking for the latest news from Kirkersville, and it all came about in this way:—

One of them, Tully McCrea of Urbana, now a Brigadier-General, who carried his battery commander, brave little "Dad" Woodruff, mortally wounded, out of the fire of Gettysburg the day of Pickett's charge, resting his shattered body against an oak tree where, when the charge was repulsed, the gallant-hearted little fellow lay dead—well, Tully joined me at home and together we set out on our return to West Point. Kirkersville station on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is several miles north of the village, and in that day was no-

thing but a small, one story, unpainted, unplastered building standing alone along the track with primeval woods back of it; its only companion a pair of scales at the gate of a stock yard, from which hogs, sheep, and cattle were carred. The train was late, and we had time on our hands. The station agent was "Jim" Outkelt, whom I had known from a boy. Now, Jim, — somewhat sporty, rather sallow, reticent, hair as black and straight as an Indian's, — besides taking chances on horse races had an eye for the show business, which he gratified on a small scale by exhibiting a lean, old, good-sized brown bear at county fairs. At this time the bear was chained to an oak tree just outside the stock yard, and was morosely tramping around and around the tree, mechanically planting one big foot after another, and every once in a while uttering a subdued muttered growl, halting from time to time, as some thought of his wrongs broke into flame, to throw his small, narrow, merciless black eyes on us. We leaned against the old Virginia rail fence and took in Jim's show till the train arrived. Soon after getting back to the Point, while a crowd of us were enjoying our usual smoke before call to quarters one even-

ing, McCrea got the floor and began telling the crowd about Kirkersville, the town itself, the station, and finally about Jim Outkelt's bear. And from that time on I never heard the last of it, all of them wanting to know, with a smile, every little while what was the news from "Kirk." And it followed me into the army.

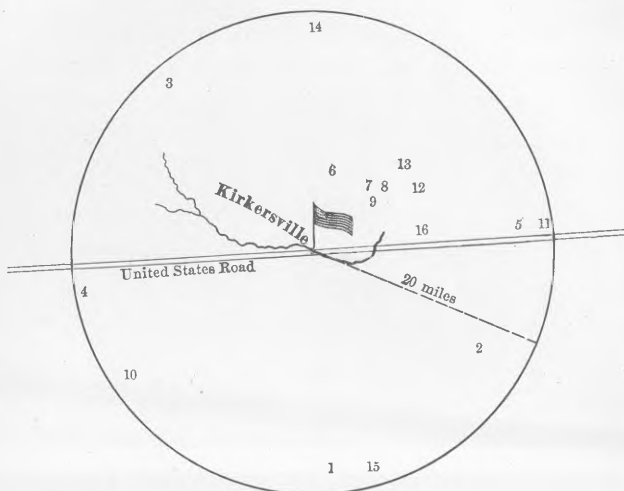
But there was one occasion in this connection with Kirkersville that I remember with keen pleasure; and as I recall it I see again a well-appointed table surrounded by officers in full uniform, and at its head one of the most famous and altogether the most brilliant, intellectually, of American generals.

It was in the summer of 1865, just after the end of the Great Rebellion, when I was stationed at Watertown Arsenal near Boston. Colonel Kingsbury, our commanding officer, was a classmate of General Sherman; and when the latter came to Boston, he hurried out to the Arsenal to see his old cadet friend. During the visit, our Colonel gave him a fine dinner, to which all of us young bachelors were invited. While at the table Sherman, who talked as usual most familiarly and interestingly, said to Major Shunk who sat just opposite me, "Well,



Major, I knew your father, Governor Shunk of Pennsylvania," and after some inquiries in regard to the Major's family, turned his emitting dark brown eyes on me and asked in his customary direct manner, "Well, Captain, where are you from?" Whereupon all the youngsters lowered their eyes into their plates with the broadest grins, for only a short time before Major Shunk, in buying a series of maps, had told the book agent that he would take them, that he found them sufficiently minute in their delineation as they gave Kirkersville, and they had had the usual fun out of it. With some embarrassment I answered, "General, I have the honor to come from the adjoining county to yours. You are from Fairfield, I am from Licking; but I don't suppose you ever heard of my town — it's Kirkersville." "Kirkersville!" exclaimed Sherman with enthusiasm, "Kirkersville! Why, I've been there many a time. I know it well; it had the biggest pigeon roost in the world," and he brought his hand down with a bang. I wore a smile of triumph as I looked up and down the table. And now, with some of the pride of that moment, I beg to call attention to the map on the opposite page. Where is there a town or city outside

of Charlottesville, Virginia, Boston, and New York and Philadelphia, that can point to as many distinguished names within a radius of twenty miles? I hope this display will clear the brow of every son of Kirkersville who is asked henceforth, "Where in the world is Kirkersville?" He may well reply with dignity, "There it is, the very centre of more great men than any other town of its size in the United States." However it may be, the question, where is Kirkersville, has to be answered, and, as I proceed to do it, its lights glimmer again, I hear once more its Baptist bell, the happy soliloquizing rumbling of Captain Stone's grist mill, the long complaining creak of Captain Austin's bellows and his ringing anvil. I see the covered bridge, Davy Neiswander's old Virginia Hotel, holding its memories of the old stage days, and many a friend of my youth, and there breaks out, like a flower reblooming again, my love for the dear little, old, light-hearted town. No, Kirkersville, I am proud to say, is very far from being in the infernal regions; it lies on this green earth along the National Road, about twenty miles east of Columbus, Ohio. The gardens of those living on the south side of the Pike run down to



1. Lt. Gen. W. T. Sherman.
2. " " Philip H. Sheridan.
3. Maj. Gen. W. T. Rosecrans.
4. " " Irwin McDowell.
5. " " Samuel R. Curtis, who won the great battle of Elkhorn.
6. " " Charles Griffin, who commanded the 5th Corps at Appomattox, and was one of the General Officers to parole Lee's Army.
7. " " Charles R. Woods, Graduate of West Point, Commanded a Division in Sherman's Army.
8. Brig. Genl. B. W. Brice, Graduate of West Point, Paymaster General.
9. W. B. Woods, Associate Justice of U. S. Supreme Court.
10. Allen G. Thurman, U. S. Senator, of national reputation.
11. Samuel S. Cox, Member of Congress, of national reputation.
12. Willard Warner, Brigadier General in the War of Rebellion, Senator from Alabama.
13. James F. Wilson, long a distinguished member of Congress from Iowa.
14. James B. Howell, U. S. Senator from Iowa.
15. Thomas Ewing, Secretary of the Treasury under Harrison, and of the Interior under Taylor.
16. Ed. Roye (colored), President of Republic of Liberia.

tional, kept by Mr. James O'Kane, whose nephew, Captain James O'Kane, graduated at Annapolis, and was aboard the Brooklyn when it led Farragut's fleet against Forts Jackson and St. Philip below New Orleans. My eldest brother, David Alexander, married Hannah, the eldest daughter of Mr. James O'Kane.

There never were two villages more unlike than Etna and Kirkersville, although only four and a half miles apart, and the settlers all hailing from about the same states in the East. Perhaps there was a greater sprinkling of Virginia people around Kirkersville than around Etna. But however this may be, there was always a moral, sober, religious atmosphere in Etna, — no fiddles, no gambling, no roystering, — it seemed charged with the spirit of holiness and ready to break out into a revival at any moment. In "Kirk," on the other hand, from its infancy there was always a spirit of unsanctified exuberance, that every little while would break out into quite a spree, a horse race, and not infrequently into a rough and tumble fight. Besides, every now and then a dancing master would come along with a fiddle and, to the horror of Etna, start a dancing school. Hence, to the quiet, respectable people of Etna, "Kirk"

was a sort of Sodom and Gomorrah, and it would not have surprised Etna at any time to learn that an angel of the Lord had come down and smote it. But if an angel ever started down with any such dire intent and, while hovering for a moment before striking, heard the fiddles at the dancing school, always held in the dining-room of one of the taverns, or some of the jokes of the crowd that used to assemble about every night at Jim Kirkendall's store, I'm sure his heart grew tender and he went off smiling. At any rate, the town was spared.

I suspect the difference was largely due to several causes. First in influence was the halting of the stages to change horses, and for the passengers to dine. Among them were the most distinguished men from all sections of the country, senators, members of Congress, cabinet officers, foreign travelers, members of theatrical companies, scholars, preachers, etc., which brought to it of necessity an air of cosmopolitanism. For its citizens were in the habit of meeting and talking with the passengers during their short stay, and so had that easy manner which comes from seeing and knowing the best. Besides, there were a number of

stock-dealers — all three of the Finkbones and the Gills and Turners — who made trips to Pittsburg, Cumberland, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, with droves of hogs, sheep, cattle, and horses, and they all brought back some of the pollen of ease and knowingness of the older and outside world. Then there were the stage-drivers, each of them an oracle and fountain of the news, and each a sort of fleece to which good stories stuck like the Spanish needles that used to grow up with corn on the rich sandy bottoms of Bloody Run and Licking. Then, too, there were the interdependent employees of the stage lines, all lovers of horses, and horse races followed naturally ; and with horse races, cards and gambling followed then as they follow each other now with the regularity of a law of nature. In addition to these permanent influences the circuses, that in those days moved in gilt wagons, all stopped in "Kirk ;" and a traveling circus never spread its old mildewed canvas — but how grand and imposing it sways up to the centre pole in a country boy's eyes ! and what mysteries it incloses, and if there be a menagerie with it and a lion should growl about the time the youth is buying his ticket with the only quarter or half dollar he has in

the world, how his breath shortens and his eyes bulge as he hastens toward the entrance — well, no circus ever spread its canvas in any small town in Ohio without a noticeable decline in godliness — the clown's jokes seemed to out-reach the blast of the ablest exhorter.

Moreover the great Pigeon Roost brought hunters from all parts of the country, and among them were many saloon-keepers and sporting men from the large cities, — they, too, added cosmopolitanism to Kirkersville, but did not further saintliness. So the little town developed, getting its local color from many dyes, till at last it could and did meet the gay world with an original gayety of its own, and a keen appreciation of the affectations and weaknesses of men — while Etna pursued its humble way along the path of holiness.

Till the stages were taken off there was not a lighter-hearted town than "Kirk" from one end of the National Road to the other, but so soon as they disappeared, the unsurprised air born of seeing the world began to fade out of the social life, the old stage stables where the proud leaders and wheelers used to come and go in state became silent, the stable boys lost caste and drifted off into the ranks of inter-

mittent laborers on the farms; the jokers still gathered, but it was easy to see that the old town began to dream with the dreaming National Road.

It had a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and a Methodist Church. A large man by the name of Hiestand preached for the Baptists, helped out from time to time by theological students from Dennison University, a Baptist college in Granville. Timothy Howe, the universally beloved, already mentioned, was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The Methodist clergymen I knew at the time, but they changed so often that I recall scarcely any of them. When the Baptist Church was built and the bell reached town — I can hear its deep, lonely tones traveling up the Pike over wheat field and corn field, borne softly sometimes by summer, sometimes by autumn winds; traveling sometimes under dim starlight, and sometimes through mists rising from the creek and the swamp and the willow fringed valley of Bloody Run, and many a time tolling for a pioneer, slowly striking at the end the number of his years — well, when it arrived, the first Saturday afternoon, all the Baptists and all the jokers, in fact everybody, turned out to inspect it; then



they guessed at its weight, and finally bet on who could lift it. A great many tried, among others Tom Murphy, the big miller, and "Ike" Finkbone, who I believe just succeeded in getting it clear of the ground. The greatest coon hunter in all the region, a big-hearted fellow, and subsequently a gallant soldier in the war, bet the drinks with "Al" Joseph that he could lift it. A good many side bets were made and, amid suppressed excitement, as the reporters say, Elbridge pulled off his coat, straddled the bell, and made two trials, nearly bursting every vein in his head, but lost the bet. With numerous suggestions as to his future diet, such as "more ram steak, Elbridge," more rooster meal, more fresh water mussels, and various herb teas, such as more ironweed tea, bullweed tea, finally less whiskey and more water, the crowd adjourned to Uncle Davy Neiswander's and drank to the future of the Baptist Church. When Hiestand arrived the next day and was told what was uppermost in the life of the town, viz., the weight of the bell, etc., he laid off his shining black coat just before service, bent down over the bell, and up it came, six inches or more clear of the ground. It is needless to say that this feat put the Baptist preacher

much higher in the public estimation and with all the jokers than the degree of LL. D. would have done, and in a little while a revival broke out under his preaching, very much to the surprise of Etna. But there was in "Kirk" a too keen sense of what was ludicrous in the experiences of the people, and too quick an ear and eye for vanity's little tricks, for any preacher, however impassioned, or for any mood, however religiously sweet, to suppress for any length of time; and it was not long before "Kirk" was enjoying, or, as Etna would say, had "back-slidden" into, its old, cheerful ways.

Captain James Stone, so frequently mentioned in this sketch, was easily its foremost citizen in my day. He was about my father's age, having been born in Licking about 1800, only a few years after its settlement. The Captain, like my father, was a Democrat and a leader in his party, serving as county commissioner from time to time, and in other positions of trust and responsibility. I do not know how he got his title but doubtless for service in some of the early militia regiments.

His acquaintance extended to the widest limits of Licking and Fairfield. He knew their people, their woods, their creeks, runs, and

swamps; and many a time, with a pleasure that he was not conscious of, did I hear him talk of them, the game, and the times of his youth. It does not need to be said that this sketch would have been immeasurably benefited if I had realized the historic value and had written down at the time all I heard from him and his contemporary pioneers. For then its path would have been through a forest of frontier experiences with all the flavor and color of the pioneer's speech. Now, on the other hand, it is picking its way through an old field, as it were, with here and there a dead stump only, now and then a solitary mullein, and once in a while a little blooming clover, and all viewed through the gathering mist of years.

The Captain was a short, stocky man with a square, open face. His ways were quiet, his eyes blue, with expansive kindness beaming in them, his voice low, and his laugh melody itself. He rarely told a story, but loved a good one dearly, and although he was much older than most of those who used to gather in the stage tavern barroom or on its porch, and although naturally sedate, yet he was always one of them. I doubt if there ever was any one who

heard more of Kirkersville's humor or who appreciated it more highly. This pioneer, good adviser, and good friend of everybody, sleeps in the graveyard on the gravelly knoll across Bloody Run, almost due south from his mill and within sound of its wheel.

This mill, its owner, and its miller, big Tom Murphy, — who, by the way, was a native Scotch-Irishman, with all the humor of the land his name suggests, — were most interesting in my boyhood, and now in my old age the fondest of all my recollections of Kirkersville.

Whenever I was on a visit at home, while the Captain was alive, I always went down to see him, and many a time spent hour after hour in the mill. I can see now the bags of wheat and corn standing around the pillars and against the side of the mill marked with their owners' names and waiting for their turn; the hopper with its trickling stream of grain as it jiggled down into the whirling buhrstones, the great, noiseless, revolving bolt, and the windows dimmed with flour dust. A favorite lounging spot was the open window over the tail-race; there, with my elbows on the sill, I would lean and watch the water that scurried

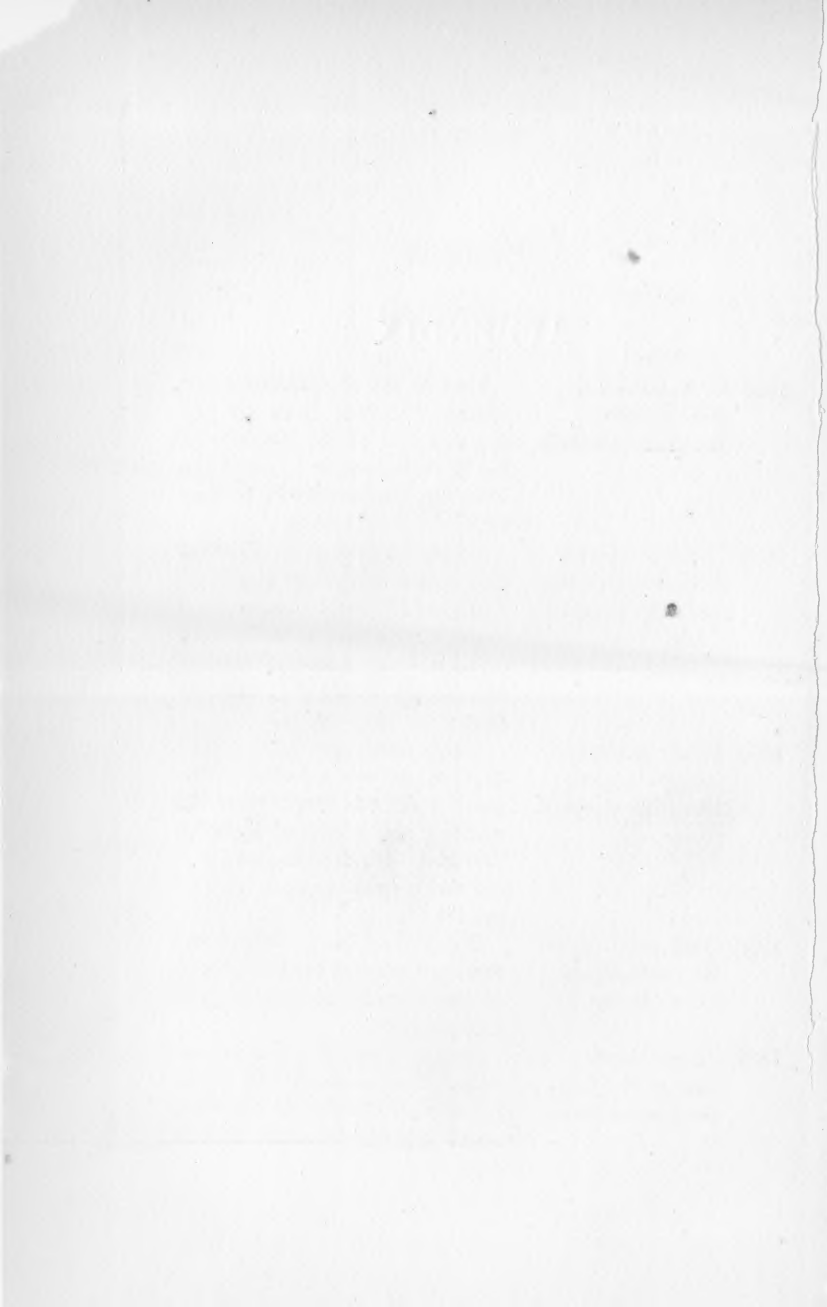
off down through the field to Bloody Run, which soon disappeared in the bulky, primeval woods that masked the swamp.

From the miller I heard the happenings in Kirkersville while I had been away. All the news drifted into the mill, and Tom knew the funny side of life and without malice would comment, sometimes as a humorist and sometimes as a philosopher, on the great drama as it was played around him. He was considerably older than I, but he had such a natural way of meeting one that the difference of years was lost sight of and we were the best of friends. If there be a mill in Paradise—and for the sake of the pleasant associations of this world I hope that some of the celestial streams are turning wheels—I trust that I may see Tom, robed in white, in charge of one of them.

I would like to say a word of Captain Austin, the village blacksmith, who dug the first big ditch down through the swamp; of his worthy son, Henry, who followed at the forge, both widely and justly respected; of Mr. Kelly, who kept the leading dry-goods store, and who, when on a trip to New York, came to West Point to see me, in order that, so he said, he might be able to tell my mother how I looked

in a cadet uniform; and of the DeWeeses, Van Buskirks, Finkbones, Channels, who with their pioneer neighbors were the founders of Kirkersville, and all families of the best breeding. But I shall leave them to the future historian of the town, who I am sure will some day, meteor-like, appear. For look at the map. All around the little town stand great names, showing that there is something in the soil, the winds, or the clouds that sail over Kirkersville, which awake, and nourish, the high qualities in human nature; and why can it not produce an historian, not to mention a poet or an artist, as well as generals and judges? Therefore I leave the dear little old town to its own home historian, in perfect trust that, around the fire he kindles, it, and the men I knew, will reappear in their naturalness, manliness, and unpremeditated, boundless good-humor.

## APPENDIX





## APPENDIX

### TOWN OFFICERS

#### *Trustees.*

1833. O. R. Baldwin.  
John Nelson.  
Benjamin Graybill.

First Board of Trustees of the township. Nelson lived on the opposite side of the street from the U. B. Church, but nearer the Pike, directly in rear of a store kept by Elliot brothers.

1834. Ambrose Meeker.  
Benjamin Graybill.  
Jonathan Clenden-  
ing.

“Ordered that J. C. Knowles and Ralph Rowe are appointed Directors of School District No. 3 in said Township to fill the vacancy occasioned by Ambrose Meeker and Tobias Boudnot (Boudinot) Removal. October, 1835.”

1835. Henry Spangler.  
Richard Lamson.  
Benjamin Graybill.

Mr. Lamson lived in the village of Etna, and was a justice of the peace while the territory of the township was a part of Harrison Township. He lived in a long narrow frame house on north side of the Pike.

1836. Benjamin Graybill.  
Henry Spangler.  
James Hanna.

Mr. Hanna lived west of the town and south of the Pike, a man of fine character as were all who bore his name.

1837. James Hanna.  
George Maxfield.  
Benjamin Golcher.

George Maxfield was a wagon-maker, lived in a two-story frame house on south side of the Pike, about midway between Elliot's

store and Tom Mathews's tavern. Had two sons, James and Wesley, and two daughters, Emily and Dorcas.

1838. Henry Spangler.  
George Maxfield.  
James Hanna.

1839. George Maxfield.  
Joshua Palmerston.  
John D. Shank.

Mr. Shank, a stately looking man, had shocky gray hair and very sparkling black eyes, and lived in the east part of the town, owning the farm through which Shanks River flows, and was from Virginia.

1840. John D. Shank.  
Joshua Palmerston.  
George Maxfield.

1841. Frederick Mauger.  
William Stone.  
Jonathan Graybill.

Mr. Mauger lived north of Wag-ram, and reared a family of great worth.

Jonathan was son of Benjamin Graybill and son-in-law of Isaac Essex.

1842. Jonathan Graybill.  
Albion Worthen.  
Roland C. Hard.

The town election of this and the previous year was held at the house of John Longbrake. The Longbrakes' house stood in what is known as the middle field of our old homestead. It was of hewed logs and near a spring that in my boyhood was shadowed by a grove of locusts. Longbrake met a violent death at the hands of a German named Stingley, who fled after stabbing him and was secreted for days in an abandoned

house on the farm of Gabriel Winkelman, another German, who lived south of Etna.

1843. Same as above.

1844. Same as above.

1845. R. C. Hard.

Jonathan Graybill.

Jacob Schaff.

1846. Jonathan Graybill.

Jacob Schaff.

Joshua Palmerston.

1847. Same as above.

1848. Joshua Palmerston.

Jonathan Graybill.

John Green.

1849. Same as above.

1850. Joshua Palmerston.

Jonathan Graybill.

George Smothers.

1851. Same as above.

1852. Joshua Palmerston.

Henry B. Harner.

Jacob Schaff.

1853. Henry B. Harner.

Leonard Reese.

John R. Twiss.

The Twiss girls were famous for their beauty, and I have often wondered what became of them.

1854. Henry B. Harner.

Leonard Reese.

John Green.

1855. Jonathan Graybill.

Hilary Hanna Hartzell.

My uncle Hilary, a reddish-haired, refined, and most sensitive man.

W. J. Bishop.

1856. Hiram C. Wait.

Alanson Scofield.

Daniel Leonard.

My uncle Hiram, who married my aunt Sarah Hartzell; he was a tall Vermont Yankee, firm, un-

pretentious, and universally beloved.

Alanson Scofield, a joyous-hearted and upright man.

Daniel Leonard, a stone-mason, laid perhaps the foundations of two thirds of all the houses and barns in the township.

David Keller was our neighbor on the south, a German and the father of a large family of boys who were my school-fellows and playmates.

1857. Daniel Leonard.  
Alanson Scofield.  
David Keller.

1858. Same as above.

1859. Daniel Leonard.  
Alanson Scofield.  
Jacob Slabaugh.

# JUSTICES OF THE PEACE

Richard Lamson	Commissioned as Justice of the Peace	Oct. 19, 1835
John Schaff	" " "	" 7, 1837
Richard Lamson	Bond, \$2500 Sureties, J. C. Knowles and Wm. Hunter	Sept. 29, 1838
John Schaff	" 1000 " H. Brown and Nimrod Moreland	" 19, 1840
Richard Lamson	" " " Wm. Hunter and Samuel Hively	" 2, 1841
John Schaff	" " " James McGuire and Jacob Schaff	" 19, 1843
Richard Lamson	" " " Wm. Hunter and Thomas Mathews	Aug. 31, 1844
John Schaff	" 500 " Isaac Winter and James Coney <sup>1</sup>	Oct. 31, 1846
Richard Lamson	" " " Thomas Mathews and J. C. Knowles	Sept. 1847
John Schaff	. . . . .	. . . 1849
Jacob F. Conine	. . . Sureties, Jesse S. Green and Thomas J. Hahn	Sept. 15, 1850
Wm. C. Youmans	Bond, 500 " Geo. M. Youmans and Jno. R. Twiss	Nov. 19, 1852
Jacob F. Conine	" 2000 " Jesse S. Green and Thomas J. Hahn	Aug. 8, 1853
H. B. Harner	. . . . .	Nov. 1855
John Schaff	. . . . .	Oct. 21, 1856
J. C. Knowles	Bond, 2000 Sureties, H. B. Harner and David Clemons	Apr. 6, 1857
John Schaff	" 1000 . . . . .	Oct. 12, 1859
J. C. Knowles	. . . . .	June 6, 1860
Andrew J. Shohoney	(This was my old school-teacher, who succeeded my father)	Oct. 17, 1862

<sup>1</sup> A son of James Coney, bearing his father's name, ran away from home, drifted to the Hawaiian Islands and married into the reigning family.

## ETNA UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH

I am indebted to Mr. H. E. Eswine for the following interesting and historically valuable account of the Etna United Brethren Church.

The lot on which the Etna United Brethren Church now stands was bought of Lyman Turrill by David Dellenbach and wife in 1831 for \$20. In 1838 Dellenbach and wife sold it to the trustees of the United Brethren Church for \$18. John Schaff, Ebenezer Drake, Henry Spangler, John Starling, and Frederick Mowers at that time constituted the Board of Trustees. A frame church building, the same still standing and in use as a place of worship, was built about 1840. For several years the church was occupied jointly by the United Brethren and the Presbyterians. Rev. Timothy Howe, for forty years or more pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Pataskala, was one of the ministers during this period. The Sunday-school at that time was known as the Etna Union Sunday-school. At that time, Samuel Hively, John Ridenour, Daniel Snider, George Youmans, Sr., were with many others prominently connected with the church society or the Sunday-school. Later, the Presbyterians discontinued holding services here, and since that time the building has been occupied exclusively by the United Brethren society.

About 1855 an addition of seven feet was built on to the east end of the house and a steeple added. Since that time various changes have been made in the interior arrangement of the audience room. \*One of these was the removal of the high pulpit, so high that it was necessary

to climb several steps to reach the top of it. This was very tiresome for old ministers, and finally it was torn out. The building is still in a good state of preservation and bids fair to round out an even century of existence.

### THE METHODIST CHURCH AT ETNA

The following account of the Methodist Church was submitted unsigned upon my request for information in regard to it.

The present Methodist Church in Etna is a brick structure costing \$6000. At the time it was built, in 1871, on a lot donated by James Nelson, it was the finest church in Etna. It stands on the highest point along the National Road, and in consequence has been considerably damaged by storms. Twice it has been struck by lightning and a quarter of the roof blown off, and in 1904 the south gable was blown in, making it necessary to remodel the interior. This was done, and the church is now in better condition than ever before. The old church was a frame building standing on a lot donated by the Turrill estate. It stood on that site from the time it was built in 1840 until the new church was built, when it was removed and afterwards used as a plough factory. Some of the members who were prominently connected with it at that time were Caldo Chadwick, Richard Conine, Sr., Joseph Osborne, Sr., Hilary Hartzell, Jonathan Graybill, Isaac Essex, J. F. Twiss, James Nelson, P. Ford, John Parkinson, John D. Aldred, John Flowers, Jacob F. Conine, Daniel Conine, Clover Conine, Thomas Hughes, John Egolf, and George Youmans, Sr.

## THE CIRCULAR HUNT IN 1825

(By Rev. Timothy Howe, written about 1870)

For this purpose, James Holmes, Esq., surveyor of Licking County, was employed to survey, in the western part of our county, a tract of land four miles square. The most of this, if not the whole, was in Harrison Township. The east line was where the road is, running north from Kirkersville, and the south line running west a little north of Mr. Isaac White's dwelling house. This territory was selected on account of its embracing the most of "Gibbon's Deadening," as it was familiarly called. There were some fifteen hundred acres in this "Deadening," and none of it yet cleared for cultivation. It had been deadened some fifteen or sixteen years, and the second growth of timber was in the very best condition to be a complete harbor for all kinds of wild animals. So dense was the undergrowth, that it was with difficulty that men could pass through it on foot.

A day was appointed, and notice given in all parts of the county for the men to meet at sunrise on that day, ready to take their place on the line. Mr. Holmes had run the lines and caused the trees to be blazed, so that the lines were seen. He run lines also diagonally through from corner to corner, so that we should have no confusion or blunder in gaining the centre. He gave notice also more than any other man in different sections of the county, to turn out and assist in destroying those pests of civilization. I well remember his pleasant, loud, and cheerful voice, as he called to us to be on the ground with promptness — bringing our own dinners, but no



whiskey. "No whiskey," said he, "is to be allowed on the ground."

By sunrising, on the day appointed, a vast crowd was gathered at the "old Ward place," as it was then called, but more recently it has the name of "the Cheese Farm," four miles west of Granville, on the Columbus Road. This company was to form the east line.

Before separating and being placed on the line, horsemen were appointed who were to be stationed at equal distances around the square, and when the lines were filled on every side, the horsemen were to sound their trumpets, commencing at a given point, and sound around the square to let all know that the lines were filled. A second sounding of trumpets around was the signal for all to march. Thus the excitement commenced. The lines had advanced but a short distance before we began to see the frightened deer running parallel with the line, seeking a place to escape from the terrible enemy by which they were surrounded. As soon as the deer were seen the guns commenced to crack along the line. Those of us passing through the "Deadening" could do little more than prevent the game from passing the lines. The bushes and trees were so thick that it was impossible to see the game so as to shoot twenty yards. The deer before discovering the men on the line would come within thirty or forty feet, and wheel and fly from us. The wolves kept at a greater distance from the lines; they were not seen on the east line until we were out of the "Deadening," and in more open woods. Then three were seen about so often, running parallel with the lines, but so far from them that our best shot did not bring them down. When we had gained the open woods and the deer had formed larger flocks, the

volleys fired at them sounded as they do when armies are in battle. As the deer passed along the line, the firing would be continuous, sometimes for minutes in succession. It would be one continued roar of musketry. Thus the day passed, and few indeed were the intervals when guns could not be heard in one direction or another. We were just emerging from the thick undergrowth of the "Deaden-ing," when a huge black bear was discovered, making his way in a lazy gallop towards the southeast corner of the inclosure. No gun was fired at him until he was within twenty or thirty yards of the line. Then, simultaneously, fifteen or twenty guns were fired and Bruin fell to rise no more.

From early in the march turkeys were seen flying over the lines like flocks of pigeons. We continued our steady march until we arrived at the lines indicating a fourth of a mile square. It had been anticipated that it might become necessary to halt before we should reach the centre; and so it was. This one fourth of a mile had been surveyed and the trees blazed with an axe. We halted here, for with all the shooting that had been done, not a single wolf had been killed, and we knew three at least were in the lines; they had become perfectly cowed and now were skulking behind logs and under the bank of the stream that runs through the centre square. Our centre was on "Grass Lick run" or one of its branches. To kill wolves was now the grand object. The best marksmen were selected and sent in to do that work. No one on the lines was allowed to shoot. We stood almost shoulder to shoulder. I know none who went in except Mr. Leverett Butler and Captain Timothy Spellman. But there were three or four others. An incident occurred while dispatch-

ing the wolves. Mr. Butler took his brother Henry with him to carry the hatchet. Mr. Butler shot one and he fell; his brother sprang to the wolf, straddled him and struck him between the ears three blows, but in the excitement, with the edge, instead of the head of the hatchet. The wolf escaped from him until Leverett could shoot him again. Three marks of the edge of the hatchet were seen between the ears of the wolf when brought to the centre, and soon after the skin was dressed with the hair on, and used as a saddle cloth by General Augustine Munson. After it was announced that there was no more game to be killed, we marched to the centre. Perfect order was observed, not a single person appearing to be disguised by intoxicating liquor, thus evincing that the order to take no ardent spirits to the hunt had been obeyed. No serious casualty occurred during the day, and the highest cheerful glee prevailed. The game had been brought along as it was killed, and such a sight had never been seen in Licking County, and never will be again, as was presented to our view. There was the large black bear, three wolves, forty-nine deer, sixty or seventy turkeys, and one owl spread on the ground. The next thing was to prepare the spoils for distribution. The bear and deer were skinned and cut up into pieces weighing about four pounds each. The number of pieces was ascertained, and it was found that there were only one third enough to give each man a piece. The men were formed into three companies, and they cast lots which company should have the spoils. All appeared satisfied with this arrangement, and at sunset the company dispersed. It was the good luck of General Augustine Munson to draw the bear skin, and he displayed it proudly as the greatest trophy of the day's hunt. The

General was one of Licking County's early, energetic, ambitious, enterprising, patriotic pioneers and useful citizens, and lived to the age of nearly eighty-five years, dying at his residence in Granville Township in 1868.

### LIST OF SOLDIERS FROM ETNA TOWNSHIP WHO SERVED IN THE WAR OF THE GREAT REBELLION

I am greatly indebted to my old schoolmate and life-long friend, Squire Samuel Hagy, one of Etna's best and leading citizens, for a great deal of assistance in making up the following list, and append his breezy letter transmitting it: —

"Now, Gen. Schaff, I want to say if there is a spot in the U. S. A. that can beat old Etna Township under similar circumstances, I'll be pleased to know it. Etna Township, nine miles long, two miles wide, during 1860-61-62-63-64 one half of this township was woods, two little towns, Etna never had a population to exceed 250 not even at this date (1905), Wagram (Cumberland) never had a population to exceed 50, but we sent and went 119 soldiers. In fact, about all the young men went to war. The old men, women, and children were left at home to do the farming. They had a hard struggle to gather the harvest.

"Then the winter of 1864-65 was the coldest that was ever experienced in this country.

"Besides, Etna Township sent 25 or 30 substitutes from other parts of the state, paid from \$300 to \$500 each. Your dear old father, Squire John Schaff, would go to Lancaster, Newark, Columbus, and hire men to go and have them credited to Etna Township. Your father,

James Connell, James Nelson, Lucas Humphrey, and J. H. Emswiler were the men that took an active part, and saw to it that Etna Township, Licking County, Ohio, stood erect like men, with a solid front. James Nelson, Columbus, Ohio, and J. H. Emswiler, Etna, Ohio, are the only ones living of the old recruiting committee."

Name.	Company.	Regiment.
Lt.-Col. Morris Yeomans,	F. { Captain.	95th Ohio.
	{ Lieut.-Colonel.	71st U. S. Colored.
Capt. Philip Crowe,	G.	46th Ohio.
Dr. A. J. Shohoney,	Asst.-Surgeon.	5th Ohio Cavalry.
Dr. M. Valentine,	" "	10th " "
Dr. C. Langdon,		Hospital Corps.
Lieut. James Mauger,	E.	178th Ohio.
Hiram Hartzell,	A. Killed in battle.	95th "
Cyrus Hartzell,	C.	88th "
Samuel E. Hagy,	D.	" "
William T. Hagy,	C.	" "
Jacob Hagy,	I.	" "
John Schaff,	D.	" "
Hilary Hanby Schaff,	D.	" "
John Keller,	E.	178th "
Samuel Keller,	E.	" "
James Staples,	C. Corporal.	27th "
Samuel Mauger,	C. "	" "
Frederick T. Neff,	C.	" "
Alfred Holt,	C.	" "
Edward Arnold,	E. Sergeant.	76th "
John Chippy,	C.	27th "
Henry Rodenbarger,	G.	46th "
Samuel Yeomans,	D. Corporal.	22d "
Elbridge Cleaves,	E. "	135th "
Stewart Plummer,	E.	10th Ohio Cavalry.
Solomon Ault,	C.	46th Ohio.
John Blauser,	F.	95th "
Thomas Wells,	C.	27th "
Martin Leonard,	E.	76th "

John Emick,	C.	27th Ohio.
John W. Lytle,	F. First Sergeant.	95th "
John Emswiler,	A.	88th "
S. E. Hager,	F.	1st Cavalry.
Jacob Rhoades,	E.	76th Ohio.
William Eswine,	B. Corporal.	" "
Silas Giboney,	C. Killed in battle.	27th "
Robert Moore,	B. Died in hospital.	76th "
Albert Wells,	D.	22d "
Daniel S. Davis,	D.	76th "
Levi G. Flenner,	A.	" "
John Brothers,	E.	" "
Andrew Meade,	I. Died in hospital.	95th "
Peter Perry,	I. Sergeant.	" "
William Boyd,	I.	" "
Allen Barb,	I.	" "
Thomas Irving,	D.	10th Cavalry.
Jacob Hager,		27th Ohio.
Isaac Zellars,	C.	" "
George Haines,	F.	95th "
Frank Sturgeon,	I.	" "
Wilson Joseph,	K.	76th "
Vincent Miller,	C.	27th "
L. Clouse,	B. Died in hospital.	76th "
William B. Jolly,	C.	88th "
Jacob Imhofe,	E.	76th "
Jacob Rudolph,	C. Died in hospital.	" "
Parker Green,	D.	88th "
Benjamin F. Sutherland,	D.	" "
Hiram H. Hanna,	A.	" "
Matthias Hoover,	E.	178th "
Charles Stienhilber,	E.	" "
Benjamin Young,	F.	188th "
Jefferson Hanna,	A.	88th "
Levi Cashdollar,	D. Died in hospital.	12th Cavalry.
George Stover,	E.	178th Ohio.
John Phester,	D.	135th "
Robert Barb,	D.	" "
C. C. Neff,	D.	" "

Jacob Fisher,	F. Sergeant.	188th Ohio.
Edward Boylan,	G.	76th "
Henry L. Harner,	I.	95th "
Charles Hummel,	B.	58th "
Frederick Rickley,	E. Corporal.	135th "
John Parkinson,	D.	" "
William Shank,	E.	" "
Henry Rittenhouse,	G.	188th "
Joseph Rhoades,	G.	88th "
William D. Scully,	I.	2d Heavy Artil.
Roland Shower,	E. Sergeant.	178th Ohio.
John Shower,	E.	" "
Oswald Raber,	E.	" "
Frederick Herring,	E.	76th "
William H. Tully,	F.	1st Cavalry.
J. H. Egolf,	F.	188th Ohio.
Jacob Goode,	A. Sergeant.	10th Ohio Cavalry.
Jacob Miller,	K.	178th Ohio.
John Salts,	{ G.	76th "
	{ E.	178th "
Abraham Fast,	{ C.	76th "
	{ E.	178th "
Edward Shohoney,	G. Died at Vicksburg.	76th "
Eli Manger,	G.	" "
Samuel Young,	C.	38th "
Christian Young,	C.	76th "
Henry Gierhart,	B.	38th "
George W. Moore,	F.	46th "
Peter Salts,	G.	76th "
Christian Winkelmann,		Regiment unknown.
John Winkelmann,		" "
Jackson Moore,		" "
Noah Blauser,		" "
Fred Cashdollar,		" "
Henry Fisher,		" "
George Parkinson,		" "
William Strang,		" "
James Strang,		" "
Frank Strang,		" "

John Rittenhouse,		Regiment unknown.
Jacob Wagey,		" "
John Cashdollar,		" "
Charles Culley,		" "
James Hughes,	E.	135th Ohio.
John Hopper,	I. Died at Vicksburg.	76th "
Jerry Shirey,		Regiment unknown.
Edward L. Baird,		" "
Timothy Crane,		" "
Frank Librand,		" "
Ambrose Leonard,		" "
Patrick Lytle,		" "
Frank Giboney,		" "
Alexander Staples,		" "

At the date of this publication, October, 1905, within a radius of two miles of Kirkersville, the following soldiers of the War of the Rebellion were living : —

William White, Co. B, 4th Ohio.	John H. Wagey,
Lemuel White, Co. F, 17th "	George Myers,
Alonzo Gamble,	James Comstock, Co. A, 88th Ohio.
James Gamble,	Jacob Anderson,
William Browning,	James Anderson, Co. A, 76th Ohio.
Willis Van Kerk,	Cyrus Anderson,
Alfred Wells, Co. E, 135th Ohio.	Adam T. Day,
William Myers,	Anson McAllister,
Capt. James W. Kirkendall,	Michael Shank, Co. E, 135th Ohio.
Charles Wells,	William Wells, " " "
Isaac Pugh,	James Wells, Co. C, 76th "
Franklin Stoolfire,	Adam Blaine,
Elbridge Cleaves,	Thomas Gay.

The following is a list of the dead, the most of whom are buried in the Kirkersville graveyard : —

George Alward,	Nathan Parrish,
Byron Evans,	Stewart Plummer,
Mason Palmer,	Samuel Gilbourgh,



Col. Silas Austin, Mexican War.	O. L. Davis,
Horace Beach, " "	Horace Myers,
John Parkinson, " "	Jacob Myers,
Solomon Channel, " "	John McThomas,
Solomon Haines, " "	Charles Buckland,
Thomas Harris,	James Hancock,
Benjamin Thrall,	John Keller,
Samuel Miller, Co. F, 135th Ohio.	Charles Hancock,
Samuel Palmer,	Eli Hatfield,
Benjamin Wilcox,	Byron Brothers,
Dr. T. J. Farrel,	Sherman D. Kelly,
Isaac Strickter,	James Myers,
Adam Humbarger,	Wesley Zelhart,
Thomas Davis,	— Cummings.

**The Riverside Press**

*Electrotyped and printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.  
Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*